Children's Books

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Crisis in the Kremlin

THIS is a critical week-end for the world; its future—perhaps whether it has a future—depends more on the Soviet leaders than on anyone else. Despite the apparent success of their diplomatic intervention in the Middle East, and despite their tactical gains with Arab and Asian opinion, they have manoeuvred themselves into the worst crisis since the death of Stalin. Their threats to send "volunteers" to Egypt have evoked a stern warning from President Eisenhower. The policy of "friendly co-existence" is in ruins. Moscow has been told flatly by General Gruenther that the differences between the U.S. and its European allies will not prevent America from replying to rockets with even more powerful weapons of destruction; and it has discovered that there is no means of holding Hungary within the Soviet system short of total occupation. The Kremlin, indeed, has been forced to strengthen Soviet army garrisons throughout eastern Europe as an insurance against the disintegration of the whole satellite bloc.

No wonder there is bitter debate in the Kremlin, that the balance of power within the Politburo seems to shift from one day to the next, and that Soviet policy in the last two weeks has been a succession of expedients. The dominant group in the Kremlin, ruthless and fearful, has fallen back on the worst practices of the past, hoping to shore up the Soviet empire by a display of overwhelming force and to intimidate the West by a threat of a third world war. To this group the events of the last few months have proved that "de-Stalinisation" has been a disaster. But there are other men in the Communist hierarchy who see that the attempt to restore the absolute domination of Russia in the satellites will prove even more disastrous. The pressures that drove them to lighten the burden on the Soviet people are still at work. *Pravda* may repeat Suslov's denunciation of a mythical "white terror" in Hungary, but such charges sound unconvincing even in Russia after the revelations of the 20th Congress. Soviet citizens may not know the details, but they know that something has gone badly wrong in Hungary; and the ferment in Poland has so influenced opinion in western Russia that severe "disciplinary" measures have been taken. Reports are rife that Russians, as well as Hungarians, are being deported.

For these reasons at least some of the men who began to undo Stalin's work know that there is no road back. The collapse of Hungary was a defeat for them; they hoped to stop at Titoism, but Nagy's repudiation of the Warsaw Pact swung the Russian army leaders back behind the Stalinists. No one in the Kremlin was willing to run the risks that the complete release of Hungary implied; and they saw repression as the only alternative. But the setback for the more liberal elements in the Kremlin may not be final defeat because the Kremlin's dilemma is not yet solved. The solid resistance of Hungary to Communism raises fears about the ultimate results of any relaxation. On the other hand, three years of relaxation have made it immensely difficult to restore the structure and techniques of Stalinism.

Gomulka's visit to Moscow this week-end may reveal more of the struggle in the Kremlin. The Soviet leaders have yet to decide whether the Gomulka experiment is to continue, or whether it is to be crushed as Hungary has been crushed—with all the risks that this course involves. Indeed, if the decision is taken to tolerate Gomulka, something more positive has to be done. The Russians have to give Poland immediate assistance, starting with a million tons of grain to meet the food shortage, and going on to mend the damage done to the Polish economy by years of Soviet exploitation. It may be hard for Moscow to accept these terms, especially since the Polish government is continuing to democratise the regime. But it would be mad deliberately to repeat the ghastly story of Hungary. It would be mad if only because a likely result of trying to turn the clock back in Poland would be world war.

Comments on the Week's News

Gomulka Stands Firm

On the eve of his departure for Moscow, Gomulka has shown that he has not been intimidated by the repression in Hungary. The government changes, announced on Tuesday, greatly strengthen the regime. Marshal Rokossovsky has been replaced as Minister of Defence by General Spychalski, a close and reliable friend of Gomulka: the exclusion of Russian officers from the Polish army is proceeding rapidly. Other new Ministers are new men, uncompromised by the Stalinist period, who can be trusted efficiently to carry out the new policies, which include workers' councils in the factories, educational reforms and the abolition of the special state security agency. Gomulka clearly intends to prevent his regime disintegrating into the chaos of Hungary by making concessions in time. But he is in a dilemma. Poland has been going through a controlled revolution, and the rising in Hungary has increased the popular ferment. And though the lesson of Hungary may teach the Poles some restraint, their revolution needs victories too. Gomulka has to give them enough to satisfy them, but not enough to provoke a fatal break with the Russians. That is why his visit to Moscow is crucial. He needs Soviet help to rescue the Polish economy, and especially food supplies. For months, the Russians have played cat-and-mouse with the Poles and they now have to decide what they will offer. Afterwards, perhaps, Gomulka can seek economic aid from the West. But he cannot turn to London or Washington without first making some sort of settlement with Moscow. His strong card in these negotiations is the unity of the Polish people, including the old opposition and the Catholic Church. No one in Warsaw denies that there is a deep ideological split with Moscow, but it is believed that the Russians will think twice before starting a struggle that will be more bitter and dangerous than the repression of an ill-organised resistance in Hungary. Our correspondent in Warsaw also reports that telegrams and letters of support are being received from Russia by Polish writers denounced in a recent *Pravda* editorial. There are stirrings of protest even in the Soviet Union.

The President as Peacemaker?

Called on to translate good intentions into policy, President Eisenhower has had to play the pipe of peace by ear in this crisis. The first objective of the U.S. has been to induce France, Britain and Israel to withdraw from Egypt and accept the U.N. police force. In this the State Department, working closely with Mr. Hammarskjoeld, seems to have been successful. But this success has merely reduced the risk of a general war in the Middle East, and the next problem facing the President is how to move towards a settlement of the Suez crisis that does not amount to a victory for President Nasser—who seems to be following Moscow's "guidance"—and yet does not throw away every chance of conciliating the Arab world. Thirdly, while condemning, as he must, Israel's aggressive action, he should support by all available means Ben-Gurion's declared purpose to reach a peace with Egypt. Unless Nasser recognises Israel's right to existence and agrees to the passage of her ships through the Canal, there can be no settlement in the Middle East. Again, the President has to find means of patching up the gap that the Suez crisis has torn in the Atlantic alliance. This task is urgent, if the Soviet government is to be restrained from dangerous adventures both in the Middle East and in eastern Europe. Yet the President is anxious not to identify the U.S. too closely with Anglo-French policy until London and Paris have clearly abandoned their Middle East adventure and conformed to U.N. decisions. Finally, while taking care that American disapproval of events in Hungary is made unmistakably clear to the Russians, and using diplomatic channels to tell Moscow exactly where Soviet action will invoke U.S. counteraction, the President is plainly unwilling to take a stand which may lead inexorably even if unintentionally to the third world war. All these objectives are clear. But it is hard to translate them into policy, not least because it is the President's commendable intention that the policy shall be one based squarely on the U.N.

Confusion in Suez

As we go to press, the diplomatic and military situation in the Canal Zone is slowly improving. According to a British spokesman on Tuesday night, Anglo-French policy is now one of "phased withdrawal." Many of the Allied naval and air units have already left the Eastern Mediterranean. From a diplomatic point of view it is also clear that Eden is climbing down rapidly. He appears to have abandoned two of the "conditions"—settlement of the Canal dispute and satisfaction as to the efficiency of the U.N. force—which he originally imposed on acceptance of the U.N. cease-fire resolution. He also refused, despite French pressure, to support the Israelis in their intention of remaining on the cease-fire lines; hence Ben-Gurion's dramatic change of mind. British diplomacy is now concentrating on two objectives: (1) securing British participation in the de-blocking operations on the Canal; (2) repairing Anglo-American relations. Our chances of obtaining the first are slender; and they have not been increased by our premature and shameless demand for compensation for Egyptian "sabotage" of the Canal. On the second, also, our request for an immediate meeting of the Big Three has been turned down flatly and publicly by Washington; and State Department and Pentagon officials remain unimpressed by Britain's discovery of a Communist "plot" in Cairo—advanced as an excuse for a resumption of Anglo-American cooperation. Their advice to Britain has been to get out of Port Said as quickly as possible and leave the rest to time and Russia. Egypt's position is still unclear; but it is confidently believed that her alleged conditions on the stationing of a U.N. force on her territory have been removed in the private negotiations with the United Nations which are now taking place in Cairo. It seems unlikely that the Anglo-French forces will finally withdraw unless a section of the U.N. force is permitted to remain in the Canal Zone, pending the clearing of the Canal and the settlement of the dispute. Egypt would be wise to accept this. But equally so, she is entitled to demand that the bulk of the U.N. force should be moved into the Sinai peninsula to secure Israel's compliance with the cease-fire resolution and the withdrawal behind the 1948 frontier.

Neutral on Which Side?

Mr. Nehru said in Calcutta last week that having read Mr. Bulganin's "fairly long account" of what happened in Hungary it appeared that this was "civil conflict on a rather large scale." Did Mr. Bulganin really convince the usually astute prime minister of India that Soviet policy in Hungary had not violated the "five principles"; that, taking advantage of Soviet preparations to withdraw troops from Hungary, rebels had launched a reign of terror, murdered thousands of Hungarian Communists; and that Soviet action was in support of and at the request of the legitimate Hungarian government? Other Indian political leaders—even Indian Communists—were most unwilling to accept Mr. Bulganin at face value. The Socialist, Jayaprakash Narayan, in a welcome return to political life, decried India's abstention from the U.N. resolution condemning Russian intervention in Hungary. Responsible Indian papers editorially condemned Soviet action, and supported their comments by eye-witness accounts. And while Mr. Nehru seemed to be almost justifying Soviet action, the Asian Socialists were meeting in Bombay. The chairman, U Ba Swe, Burma's Prime Minister, told the opening session that Britain and France on the one hand and Soviet Russia on the other hand, "motivated by identical objectives," were "jointly scuttling the U.N. which they had helped to build and to which the fear-ridden people of the world are now looking with hope and prayers." On November 3, the student body of Sopron sent a letter to Mr. Nehru: "It would greatly serve to develop our neutrality and independence if you would send your representative to Hungary as soon as possible. . . . Please, Mr. Nehru, use your influence. If you would protest for us in Moscow and ask for the evacuation of Soviet troops from Hungary you could save life and help in the birth of a new peaceful and neutral country."

Cape Coloureds Excluded

The object of the South African Nationalists in removing the Cape Coloured voters from the common electoral poll is twofold. First, it is another instalment of apartheid, designed to separate at every point white and coloured; second, it is a further measure in the policy of ensuring Nationalist political domination for the foreseeable future. The Nationalist government has been forced to take a tortuous path over the past five years before achieving its objective. Every previous step taken since 1951 has been declared unconstitutional on appeal to the courts. The Nationalists have, in fact, been desperately seeking to circumvent the clear intention of the Act of Union within a cloak of legality. Eventually they succeeded. Last year the government first increased the numbers of the Appeal Court from 6 to 11, and then proceeded to pass the Senate Act. It was through the use of this Act that they successfully evaded the law. Under the Act they not only increased the members of the Senate from 48 to 89, but changed the method of election, from proportional representation in each province, to a majority bloc vote. As they control three of the four provinces this enabled them to secure a large majority in the new Senate; in its turn, this enabled them to call another joint session of the two Houses and to secure a two-thirds majority to support the removal of the Cape Coloured voters. The judgment of the Appeal Court last week, supporting the legality of the government's action by 10 votes to 1, has now closed the issue. Cape Coloureds will in future vote on a separate roll for four members of the Assembly and two members of the Cape Provincial Council. This will strengthen the Nationalists in a number of Cape seats, and remove the right of Coloureds to sit with White members in the Provincial Council. It may result in the formation of a Non-European bloc

between the four members representing the Coloureds and the three representing Africans. But, if this small group were ever to hold the balance of power in Parliament, no doubt further legislation would be enacted to frustrate them. Indeed, the Nationalists are already pledged eventually to remove all African representatives.

Free Market in Houses

The government has lost no time in fulfilling Mr. Duncan Sandys' promise at Llandudno that it would make an early start with rent decontrol. Its Rent Bill, now published, frees about half the 11½ million dwellings in Great Britain at present affected by rent restriction. Of these, some 4½ million houses in owner-occupation will no longer be subject to rent control when let unfurnished. Houses which fall vacant at any time will also be freed—a return to the inter-war practice which caused so much bitterness. In addition some 800,000 dwellings now let at controlled rents will be brought outside the scope of the Rent Acts, for these will cease to apply to houses above a rateable value of £40 in London and Scotland and £30 elsewhere (compared with the present limits of £100, £90 and £75 respectively). The landlord will be able to give six months' warning of rent increases or notice to quit. Tenants of dwellings at or below these values, who will temporarily escape the tender mercies of the free market, will have to pay higher rents, provided essential repairs are done. Since the new maximum rents in England and Wales will be equal to twice the 1956 gross value of a house where the landlord is responsible for repairs, and 1¼ times where he is not, rent increases will vary considerably. The Bill, moreover, gives the almost unprecedented power to the Minister to extend its scope by Order. If the new rent increases prove another "mouldy turnip" for the landlord, decontrol can be rapidly extended to further categories of dwellings. By its arbitrary and spasmodic instalments of decontrol, this Bill neither puts rents on a coherent basis nor ensures that they are linked to a constructive policy of improvement and repair.

Cat and Mouse

Capital punishment is dying hard. Apart from the constitutional throes described on another page by Mr. Sydney Silverman, the government's Homicide Bill might nourish it through some further struggles and even provide a few more hangings, though some of these would be as cruelly illogical as the worst of legal systems could devise. It is a long step back towards the dark ages, for example, to punish criminals according to the status of their victims, and it is almost as reactionary to distinguish between methods of killing. But what is to be said about hanging for "any murder done in the course or furtherance of theft," which is to come into the new class of "capital murders"—even though the theft be that of a penny? Theft, for this purpose, is to include "any offence which involves stealing or attempting to steal." Not false pretences? Not "taking and driving away" a car? Not poaching for rabbits? "Theft" plus a panic killing not originally intended is to be capital, while poisoning in order to benefit under a will is not. The only possible policy for abolitionists is to oppose the whole stupid Bill, offering no criticism of those modifications of the law of murder which, as set out in Part I, are long overdue whether the death penalty be retained or not—and not conceding an inch on the ground that, if it passes, its life will be mercifully short. Labour is pledged to abolish the death penalty: it is the Tories who will be playing cat-and-mouse with the last few lives to remain within their patronage while they are in office.

Examining the Peers?

A reference to reform of the House of Lords was introduced into the Queen's Speech at the insistence of Lord Salisbury. Yet even he seems so far to have no detailed idea of the plan which the government will offer for discussion this session and which may eventually be incorporated into a Bill. The government seems to be thinking of a House composed of 400 members, of whom half would be hereditary and elected by their peers, and half life peers selected by some method to be divulged later. Whatever the method of selection, whether the party whips select party members of proved reliability or whether some outside body selects men of experience and standing by some agreed form of test—a fifty-plus examination perhaps?—the plan is certain to be opposed by the Labour Party in the House of Commons, which is well satisfied to see the present House of Lords sinking into impotence. It is doubtful whether, in face of this opposition, the government will persist with legislation. But if it does, and the Bill is carried, the demand for abolition of the Lords, which is never entirely dormant in the Labour Party, is likely to become insistent.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Berlin

Suez and Hungary

A Correspondent in Berlin writes: The German public has condemned foreign armed intervention in Hungary and Egypt with a remarkable impartiality. Germans have applied the principles of civilised conduct taught to them by their former conquerors and found their teachers wanting. Thus the Suez conflict marks the political emancipation of German thinking.

Die Welt, an independent newspaper, declares that as a result of Britain's attack on Egypt, "the Suez canal is already closed. . . . Even worse, however, are the moral consequences. Seventy-two years ago the British general Wolseley beat the Egyptians near Tel-el-Kebir and thereafter the British ruled Egypt for many decades. But neo-imperialism meets stronger resistance than imperialism in its bloom. The victory at Port Said will be a pyrrhic victory." The *Berliner Morgenpost* writes that "the Soviet Union has strengthened its influence in the Middle East. Since it was the Soviets who forced England and France to end the war, they are considered the rescuers in need and the true friends of peace."

German anger about Suez is directed against Britain rather than France or Israel, whose situation is viewed with some sympathy. Resentment against Britain ran strongly in public rallies held in several West German cities to protest against Soviet armed intervention in Hungary. The demonstrators in Berlin manhandled British soldiers, and students in Hamburg carried banners which proclaimed, "Eden is the Grave Digger of Hungary" and "Send Eden to Nuremberg"—obviously to stand his trial as a war criminal.

The Social Democrats, who are riding on a wave of victories in local elections held recently in several West German states, see the Israeli and Franco-British attacks upon Egypt as proof that "Nato and the West European Union do not guarantee peace." Their conclusion is that "a European security system must be created and the authority of the U.N. must be strengthened—not only with peaceful means but by setting up a strong, always alert international police force." Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was criticised in the West German parliament for his visit to Paris last Wednesday. It was argued that this might be taken to mean that he approved French policy in North Africa and the Middle East, although Germans have always had friendly relations with the Arab countries.

It is significant that voices of protest have been raised against the inflammatory proclamations made to the Hungarians from irresponsible anti-Communist organisations. The Free Democratic Party has complained to the government against Radio Free Europe, which broadcasts from Munich, for sending messages to Hungary which asked the people to fight on because foreign succour was on its way. The *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* places responsibility for bloodshed in Hungary upon these broadcasts, and suggests that the radio station should be removed from German territory. The sensational tabloid, *B.Z.*, has sharply condemned the demonstration against the Soviet Union held in Berlin last Monday, which it termed "damned nonsense" and "an idiotic idea." It says that the demonstration could have led to bloodshed in Berlin. Germans want to help the Hungarians to win their freedom, but they are not anxious to fight the battle of freedom on German soil.

Westminster

Paralysis

The political consequences of Sir Anthony Eden are becoming clear; but his economic and financial consequences remain obscure. It was hoped that the Chancellor, in this week's debate on the country's prospects, might offer guidance in the gloom; instead he stumbled through a performance which revealed little except his own state of mind and which was strange even by the bizarre standards set in recent weeks by his colleagues.

Mr. Harold Wilson had opened the debate, collating such economic facts as had been published and expressing the new fears which the present crisis had aroused. It was expected that Mr. Macmillan would follow to give his own assessment and outline any plans the government might have. But when Wilson finished, Macmillan remained sprawled on the bench, looking as though he was consumed with sleeplessness. The presentation of the government's case was left to Mr. Maudling, who, though one of the ablest of the government's young Ministers, is not a member of the Cabinet.

This was strange; but what followed was stranger. The debate spread over the whole field of our economic affairs, both the probable cost of Suez and the trading and financial position as it was before the burden of Suez was superimposed. Many questions were asked and many fears expressed. Yet Mr. Macmillan told Mr. George Brown, who was to make the closing speech for the Opposition, that he himself would need only twenty-five minutes for his own speech in reply. In fact, he spoke only for twenty minutes; and half that time was devoted not to the business of the day but to a justification of his own personal belief that Sir Anthony Eden was right in going into Suez. There was no sustained attempt to show whether the formidable case which Wilson had presented was in fact accurate and no suggestion

whatever of any plans for avoiding the dangers which Wilson had foretold.

Wilson said that even before Suez the country faced a "desperate economic crisis." In the last three months, the gold and dollar reserves had dropped by 338 million dollars, which was 91 million dollars worse than in the same period of last year despite the 177 million dollar windfall from the sale of Trinidad oil. Then came the Suez crisis, with its additional military expenditure, its interruption of our export trade, its increased freight costs both for exports and imports due to war risks and the blocking of the canal and, above all, with its interruption of oil supplies from the Middle East and the certainty that we should have to spend dollars for U.S. supplies. It was a frightening case. It needed a prompt and firm answer. It did not get it.

Macmillan always seems slightly exaggerated. His eyebrows rise just that little bit higher than anyone else's, registering a surprise which is just that little bit more than the occasion deserves. His impromptu witticisms are just that little bit more elaborate, his gestures, especially the one he uses for prodding opponents and which makes him look like an elderly Edwardian flirt tapping some old flame with her fan, are just that little bit more calculated. On Monday night, though his face looked so grey and drawn that one felt sorry for him, he yet seemed a figure of fun. When he rose amid the cheers of his supporters, Mr. Ross called across in his deep Scots voice: "And where are the Dagenham Girl Pipers?"

That tolerant good humour did not last. Almost at once it was clear that though the Chancellor had been present during some of the debate he had taken note of little that was said. He was concerned only to justify the political aspects of his own stand on Suez and that justification turned out to be none of the varied official reasons given by the government for its intervention in Suez, but the Munich, anti-appeasement line which had been advanced by Sir Robert Boothby in the first emergency debate which followed Nasser's act of nationalisation. The Opposition, having heard all this before, not having been impressed by it, and believing it anyway to be irrelevant to an economics debate, lost all interest and left him to posture in the empty air. It was like watching an old-fashioned Shakespearean actor on television with the sound switched off.

As Mr. Bevan said of the Prime Minister, there is "something the matter" with this government. Obviously its senior members are tired almost to the point of numbness by the physical strain they have endured. But even those Ministers who have not had to work long hours into the night sit silent and unsmiling. This government has been afflicted by more than physical strain. Macmillan who passionately believes that the Suez "intervention" was right, that it has saved us from a third world war, is exhausted by the moral effort of will required to withstand the criticisms of the outside world and the divisions within the Cabinet. Those Ministers who, less passionately and less firmly, believed that the "intervention" was wrong, are equally exhausted by moral strains of a different kind. As a result the government seems paralysed. Departmental papers are being neglected. The effort of will to make decisions—even a decision on petrol rationing—can no longer be summoned. So the country drifts.

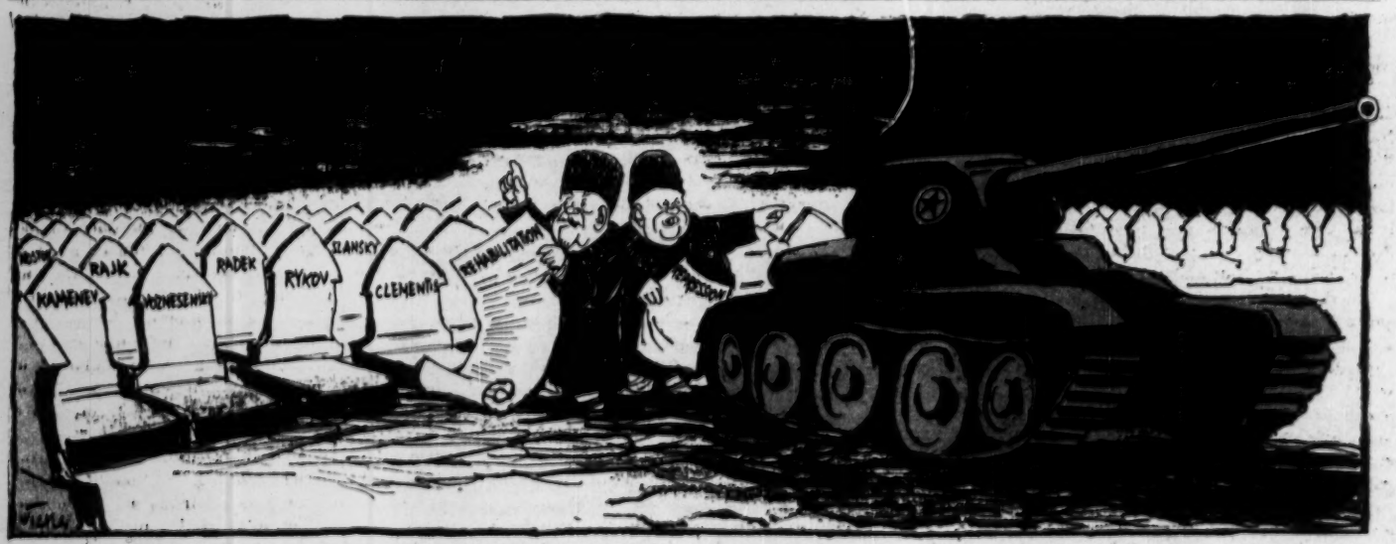
J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Case for an Inquiry

A CAREFUL survey in this Tuesday's *Times* concludes that the short-term financial cost of Eden's war will be at least £120m-£150m. The long-term financial and economic effects cannot yet be calculated; they will certainly be grave. The political effects, in Hungary, in the Middle East, in the United Nations, in Nato, and in the Commonwealth, have been catastrophic. The loss of life—despite the alleged "brilliance" of the operation—has not been small. A national disaster of this magnitude—transcending, as it does, the normal limits of party warfare—clearly demands the closest and most authoritative enquiry into its causes. The precedents are numerous. In the case of the Crimean War, the Jameson Raid and the Dardanelles Campaign, to name only three examples, parliament felt it its duty to institute a formal inquiry into the formation and execution of government policy, and to assign responsibility. In the present instance, both the judgment and the motives of the Prime Minister and his colleagues have been impugned by the American government, by an overwhelming majority of world opinion, and by a substantial and responsible section of opinion at home. Such a situation is unique in modern British history, and it is manifestly in the national interest that parliament and the public should be provided with the full facts. The composition and terms of reference of the inquiry are for parliament to decide; in the meantime, it may be helpful to indicate the main points on which it should concentrate.

The object of the Anglo-French ultimatum, and of the armed intervention which followed its rejection, was described by the Prime Minister, on October 30, as "to separate the belligerents and to guarantee freedom of transit through the Canal by ships of all nations." If the Prime Minister was telling the truth, then his government must demonstrate that it took every possible step to avert a conflict before Israeli troops crossed the Egyptian frontier. What are the facts? The government, on its own admission, received news of Israeli mobilisation on October 25. The British representative in Tel-Aviv warned the Israeli government not to invade Jordan. No mention was made of an Israeli invasion of Egypt. Yet the Israeli invasion, when it came, was launched from Eilat, at the southern extremity of Israel; the five-day military concentration which preceded it was directly observable from the British military base at Aqaba, immediately across the Jordan frontier. It is quite clear that Mr. Head, the Minister of Defence, was under no illusion that the Israelis were preparing an attack on Egypt; whether he told the cabinet is another matter. It is equally clear that the British military attaché in Tel-Aviv received advance warning of Israel's plans. Whether he relayed this information to the Foreign Office as well as to the Ministry of Defence has yet to be determined; certainly, no such information was transmitted to America, our co-signatory of the Tripartite Declaration. We have it on the authority of the America government that, during the emergency meeting of the Tripartite committee, held in Washington on October 28-29, the Anglo-French delegates failed to divulge vital military information as to Israel's plans which, it can now be seen, was in their possession.

The British government, then, made no attempt to prevent the Israeli invasion of Egypt. Did they actively encourage it? The answer to this question will depend on the answer to another: to what extent was the British govern-



"THE CZAR WAS FRIGHTENED. HE ISSUED A MANIFESTO: THE DEAD SHALL BE FREED, THE LIVING MUST BE JAILED."
From a Russian revolutionary song of fifty years ago.

ment a party to certain actions undertaken by the French government during October? Information which has become available during the past fortnight—and which has been published by *Time*, the *Washington Post*, the *Observer*, *France-Observateur* and *L'Express*—is sufficient to establish, beyond any reasonable doubt, that the French government not merely encouraged but actively assisted the Israeli invasion; nor has the French government felt itself able to issue an authoritative denial of such accusations. It is known that Franco-Israeli staff-talks were held from the middle of August onwards, and that large quantities of military equipment—including Mystère jets, paid for by America under off-shore Nato defence arrangements—were shipped to Israel during September and October; and allusions to this unofficial military alliance were made, in public statements, by both Ben-Gurion and M. Pineau.

Supplies of arms to give Israel security against Nasser were long overdue, but these French supplies seem to have been part of a concerted offensive plan. A correspondent in Tel-Aviv reports to us that he has interviewed French Air Force officers who served with Israeli forces during the Sinai campaign; they were part of a squadron of 36 Mystère long-range jets flown to Israel the day operations began. He also reports the presence of French military transport aircraft at Lydda Airport, and of what he terms "a surprising number" of French army officers in Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem, all of whom, he says, "refused to speak to journalists on any subject." Three foreign correspondents who attempted to file this information were prevented by the Israeli censor; asked to comment, an Israeli spokesman replied that he had nothing to say.

Was the British Cabinet aware of these activities? It seems inconceivable that British military attachés in Paris and Tel-Aviv knew nothing of what was going on; or that they failed to transmit this information to the Ministry of Defence. Whether Mr. Head relayed it to the Cabinet is, again, another matter. It seems more than likely that Eden and Selwyn Lloyd—if not the rest of the Cabinet—were made privy to France's plans during their secret meeting with Mollet and Pineau in Paris on October 16, from which all interpreters and advisers were excluded. On balance, therefore, it would seem that at least three senior members of the Cabinet were partly or wholly aware of Franco-Israeli collusion, that they took no effective steps to prevent it, and that they may even have condoned or encouraged it.

The second point on which the inquiry must concentrate is the conduct of the operation itself. If the immediate object of British policy—as Mr. Head admitted to the House of Commons last Friday—was to secure the Canal and maintain the flow of shipping, then the operation must be judged a calamitous failure. Only 25 miles of the Canal—less than a quarter—is held by Allied troops, despite six days of military action; and the flow of shipping will be interrupted for a period of between six and nine months. It is understood that the Cabinet undertook military intervention following assurances by the Ministry of Defence that the location of all Egyptian blockships was known, and that they could be destroyed before the Egyptians would have time to manoeuvre them into position. In fact, only one was destroyed; the remaining 32 were sunk according to the Egyptian plan. Where does the responsibility lie? With the military, for failing to fulfil their promise? Or with the Cabinet, for accepting a military appreciation which subsequent events showed was wildly—indeed criminally—optimistic? Or did the Cabinet agree to intervention knowing that one inevitable result must be the blocking of the Canal? If so, their responsibility is grave indeed.

Thirdly, the inquiry must attempt to establish the truth about the alleged "Soviet Plot" which, it is claimed, Anglo-French intervention was instrumental in uncovering. In the House of Commons last week, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft attempted to justify our intervention on these grounds. The fact that his "explanation" is at variance with those put forward by Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Head (in themselves conflicting) should be noted; but it is more important, at this stage, to discover on what grounds it is based. First, it should be pointed out that the "sensational" figures of Soviet arms supplied to Egypt, issued by the Ministry of Defence last Sunday, had, in fact, been published by *The Times* as long ago as October 30—in other words, before their existence was "discovered" by Israeli forces. Estimates of the probable total of Soviet arms due to be delivered by end-September were released by the Israeli authorities in the early summer, and were published by this journal in our issue of June 23. The figures can be compared as follows:

	N.S.&N. estimates (June 23)	*The Times* (Oct.30)	Min. of Defence (Nov. 11)
Mig. jet-fighters:	150-200	90	100
Ilyushkin jet-bombers:	70	50	50
Stalin & T-34 tanks:	200	200	200

As can be seen, the June estimates have now proved to be over-pessimistic. They were certainly available to the British government at the time. If the situation is now judged serious, why was no action taken then? On a number of occasions during the past twelve months, Labour Party spokesmen have drawn the government's attention to the danger represented by Soviet arms shipments; each time, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd replied that there was no cause for alarm, and that there was no need to preserve the arms balance by increasing shipments to Israel. Was Selwyn Lloyd deceiving us then, or Peter Thorneycroft now?

The rest of the evidence of the "plot" can be quickly disposed of. Its alleged code name—"Operation Mena"—is surely an invention; Soviet military authorities do not use code names, but numbers. Secondly, the Foreign Office has now established that no Soviet overflights took place, during the period in question, over Turkish, Persian or Iraqi territory—three countries which have been provided with an early-warning radar system under the Baghdad Pact. The number and frequency of Soviet ship deliveries to Alexandria can be freely ascertained through Lloyd's; and observers who have watched such ships unloading testify that security precautions are non-existent. Finally, if Mr. Thorneycroft—or the government as a whole—seriously believes that Soviet "penetration" of Egypt justified Anglo-French intervention, then he should direct his attention to Syria, where the process has undoubtedly gone further and where effective government, in the opinion of some observers, is now entirely in the hands of Moscow-trained Communists.

The inquiry should concentrate, in our view, on the three lines of investigation described above; but a fourth might also be pursued with profit. Throughout the Suez crisis, the basis of the government's case against the nationalisation of the Canal has been the alleged inability of the Egyptians to operate it efficiently. "That," to quote Mr. Head, "is what all this has been about." The fact that more ships were passing through the Canal, on the day of Eden's ultimatum, than on any previous day in its history, is already some indication of the inaccuracy of Eden's forecasts. A representative of this journal now informs us that he has interviewed a number of Italian and Greek ship's captains who have travelled through the Canal since the departure of the Anglo-French pilots and technicians. They declared, emphatically and unanimously, that, until the Allied intervention destroyed it, the Canal was being operated more efficiently, and with far less bribery, than ever before in their experience.

The Hungarian Revolution

SEVERAL days after the Russians launched their treacherous attack on the Hungarian revolution, I went back into a Hungarian village ten kilometres from the Austrian frontier. The revolutionaries had by now vanished from most of the frontier posts, and their places were taken by embarrassed guards. One said: "The revolution has got out of hand. Let us hope that Kadar can restore order." These soldiers were visibly unhappy, but they would no longer tell one so. There was one frontier post, however, where the patriots still stood, with national colours pinned in place of red stars on their army caps, and they drove me along a muddy, country road to the village which was once called Esterhazy.

The villagers were pleased to see us. Their freedom committee was still functioning; significantly, the Communist mayor was in charge of it. They had watched Nagy come and go; now they were enjoying the hopelessness of Kadar's position. They could not forgive Kadar for having called in the Russian troops a second time, and yet they still had some faith in the fact that Kadar was more Hungarian than Russian. They were confident that the AVH terror regime could never return, not even under the shadow of the Soviet tanks. When I asked them about Cardinal Mindszenty, someone said that the Hungarian people "admired and respected him, but he should not meddle in politics." It was a quiet, determined, left-wing village and one could well appreciate the dilemma of the Russian tank that occasionally rumbled across from the town of Sopron, then rumbled back again.

The politics of this village were the politics of the revolution. I went to the town hall at Gyor, which was the centre of the provincial as distinct from the Budapest revolution. It was a political Tower of Babel. Hundreds of delegates from all over western Hungary, and even delegations from Bata and Miscolz in the eastern provinces had arrived. The man in charge was Attila Szigethy, a former member of parliament and a personal friend of Imre Nagy. Under the Rakosi regime he had been pushed out of parliament. Now, as the highest political authority in this part of Hungary, his task was to reconcile the viewpoints of his large freedom committee with those of the central government. It was not an easy task. Szigethy tried to confine the demands of the delegates within the boundaries of "people's democracy," pointing out the folly of attempting to withdraw from the Warsaw Pact too quickly.

He was under heavy pressure from both inside and outside of the building. Outside, in the square, an exultant crowd burned all the visible emblems of Communism under his very office windows. Some of them shouted "Down with the Communist Szigethy," and, in those heated days

of the end of October, they attempted to storm this quaint Austro-Hungarian town hall. On one occasion a man arrived in Gyor purporting to be a new leader sent by the revolutionaries in Budapest. He spoke against Szigethy, and asked the crowd to appoint him instead. Eventually he was taken to the prison in Gyor, accused of being an AVH agent-provocateur, sent to create anarchy and to frustrate the revolution.

Attila Szigethy maintained his position as leader throughout. His position was something like that of the Communist mayor in the village of Esterhazy. But there were no Communists at all among the Gyor delegates—although there were numerous army officers. Nevertheless there was no intention of abolishing the Communist Party. At Gyor, although there was no place for them in the town hall, the Communists walked about freely. In the provinces, only the AVH was physically attacked. . . . "If we abolish the C.P. in Hungary," they said, "it would give our adversaries an excuse for saying this was a reactionary revolution. Let the C.P. take part in free elections and we will see how beloved are the Communists." There was also, among these delegates, a feeling against the emigré groups in the West. Those who had spent ten years in America could not hope to return to take up key positions. (Ferenc Nagy, the former Hungarian premier, I was told, had been turned back into Austria by the patriots at Hegyeshalom.)

The delegates were determined, above all, that the C.P. should "never again speak without popular consent in the name of the Hungarian people." The Peasant Party, the Small Peasant and Citizens Party, and the Social Democratic Party had all been re-formed. There was great ferment for the formation of a Catholic-inspired party, but although the general opinion in Gyor was that this party would prove to be the strongest, it had not yet been founded.

There was, at the end of October, a mood of optimism at Gyor. In this town, as at Komaron, Tata, and other west Hungarian centres, the Russian panzer troops were confined to their barracks. Szigethy had found a *modus vivendi* with the Soviet commandant. The peasants took milk daily to the children of the 40 Russian families there. "We realise that the movement of so many troops back to the Soviet Union requires time," said the patriot leaders hopefully.

Meanwhile, at the Budapest parliament, the spokesmen of "national Communism," the men of Nagy and Kadar, realised that a vast tragedy was approaching. They were as horrified as the rest of the Hungarians at the news that Russian tanks were pouring through the border town of Zahony into the country. They already took the Russian intervention for granted. The tragedy, as one of them put it to me in Nagy's office, was that "the revolution has over-rolled itself, and that the government has ended up in the hands of the right wing." The initial aims of the revolution, namely to set up a Gomulka type of regime, had long been surpassed. By "right wing," however, my informant meant the Peasants, the Small Peasants, the Social Democrats, and, of course, the embryo Catholic party. Nobody in the Budapest parliament pretended that there was any question of a return to the Horthy regime. The whole point (and it was a questionable "tragedy") was that, instead of Titoism, an all-party coalition system on the western pattern had been set in motion.

It was a question of East or West, and the Hungarian people had clearly said West. This was the fundamental problem for the Russians. It mattered little to Soviet Stalinists like Suslov (with his personal responsibility for Hungarian affairs) that Hungary had specified that it wished to join the West as a "neutral" like Switzerland and Austria, two countries whose names were on the lips of everyone in Hungary. To excuse the repression of a western-type democracy, the Russians resorted to the story of the "white terror" and "Fascist counter-revolution." They promoted a Budapest street-fighter, Josef Dudasz, to the role of Fascist-Trotskyite leader of the counter-revolution, although outside of Budapest, and in some parts of Budapest itself, nobody had ever heard of this man.

Nobody who was in Hungary during the revolution could escape the overwhelming impression that the Hungarian people had no desire or intention to return to the capitalist system. They had no vision of a mythically rich, free-enterprise system which would restore private property and landlordism. They did not talk about America. But they felt very close to their European neighbours. Particularly significant was the call of the Council of Free Trade Unions. On November 1 it declared:

> As from today we are no longer the tool of a colonialism disguised as Socialism, not a figure on the chess board of some conqueror or other . . . an astonishing national revolution has broken the Stalinist and Rakosite chains. . . . We are extending a friendly hand to our neighbour, neutral Austria, and to free Yugoslavia, which remains outside any blocs, towards Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and the people of the Soviet Union. Such is the message which in these decisive hours we address to the whole world and all its peoples who love freedom. Such is the message which we address to the United Nations, whose duty is, according to its charter, to watch over the independence and sovereignty of all its member states and all countries.

No greater evidence could be found that this was no "white" revolution than the message of Hungarian Jewry, signed by the Budapest Board of Rabbis, and broadcast by Radio Budapest on November 2:

> Hungarian Jewry enthusiastically salutes the achievements of the revolution, pays reverent homage to the heroes, and identifies itself with the free and independent homeland. We appeal to Jewish organisations abroad to give rapid and effective material help to the sorely-tried Hungarian people.

The Socialist leader, Anna Kethly, in the first issue of the revived party organ, *Nepszava*, described the nature of the revolution:

> The Social Democrat party . . . with its own bare hands, has won its chance of living, and it has won this from a regime which called itself a popular democracy, but which in form and essence was neither popular nor democratic. We greet with profound respect the heroes who have made possible this re-birth of the party, thousands of young intellectuals and workers who have fought, starving and in rags, spurred on by the idea of a free and independent Hungary.

At the same time she issued a warning.

> Freed from prison, let us not allow the country to become a prison of another colour. Let us watch over the factories, mines and land, which must remain in the hands of the people.

Josef Dudasz himself—according to Moscow, he was the arch counter-revolutionary—stated in an interview with the Italian *Epoca* on the eve of the Russian attack:

> The Communists will be admitted to the elections. We are people with our feet on the ground. We know that Russia is the world's second power, and that this country of 200 million borders on our country of 9 million. . . . We want no Danubian Korea. The leaders of the revolutionary forces must have faith in Nagy, even if the people have lost it. This is for the good of the country.

This indeed was a strange "counter-revolution"—in which the leader of the "white terror" called on the people to put their trust in a Communist prime minister.

BRUCE RENTON

London Diary

PEOPLE will believe anything they wish to believe. No new discovery, of course; older than William James. But it has been fantastically illustrated in the last few weeks. Some people, apparently, believe that the British-French intervention in Suez has been a success, though every one of the contradictory objects of military action in Egypt, from Eden's original promise to smash Nasser onwards, has been aborted. Strangest of all, perhaps, is the shortness of memory which the editor of *The Times* assumes in his readers. When some of us listed the probable disasters which would follow an invasion of Egypt, *The Times* produced an editorial (August 27) called "The Escapers' Club," which is worth cutting out and framing side by side with its leading article of November 12. It denounced everyone who gave warning of these dangers as members of an "escapers' club" who preferred Test Matches and Diana Dors to "greatness," which, it said, the people of Britain still want. Last Monday's editorial, headed "Afterwards," stated, without explaining why, that what was great in August had become reckless folly in October. It said: "*The Times* has never hidden its misgivings regarding the enterprise. That it was misguided and yielded Britain no gains at all comparable to the costs in good will and credit becomes increasingly clear."

* * *

Not since the Spanish War has England seen so popular a revulsion of feeling as over the Hungarian tragedy. I suppose the Russians will think that the workers who have demonstrated and the students who volunteered to go and fight or, as in Cambridge, collected £1,000 almost overnight for Hungarian relief, are Fascist dupes. They may be more impressed by the rapid disintegration of the Communist Party.

* * *

The *Daily Worker* has done its miserable best to rally the Stalinist rump of the Communist Party behind the Soviet line on Hungary. But its excuses and evasions (confusedly echoed in the maunderings of the Red Dean) have not even convinced many of the *Worker* staff, let alone thousands of Communists who have finally come to the parting of the ways from Gollan, Dutt and the entrenched party bureacracy. I hear that the *Worker's* cartoonist, Gabriel, was not the only staff member who was disgusted by the paper's policy. (The last straw was King Street's interference with reports from the *Worker's* correspondent in Budapest.) Some of his colleagues, however, were prevailed upon to stay until the editor, J. R. Campbell, returned from Moscow this week. Will they be persuaded to join in the last-minute attempt to save the paper? Or will they follow John Horner, of the Fire Brigades Union, out of the party? I gather that they are finding it hard to decide. Now the party leadership has been forced to call an emergency congress, some of the more intelligent among the party members believe that one final effort must be made to get rid of the Stalinist clique. The dissidents, of course, find it hard to organise in defiance of party discipline. But they know that anger and disillusion are rife among the rank-and-file. Letters such as those which we print in our correspondence columns this week are one illustration. Another symptom has been the decision of various party groups to demand the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Hungary. I have seen several resolutions from Communist branches which condemn the party executive—the student group at L.S.E., for instance, declares that Socialism cannot be built

the things they say!

I don't like "Big Business".

Why? Just because it's big — and successful?

No, because of the amount of economic power it wields. Take I.C.I., I feel there should be some control over their production, and over the way they spend their profits — and over their prices, too.

What would be gained by that?

Well, we could then be sure that I.C.I. was working for the common good.

But I.C.I.'s prices are already remarkably low, all things considered. Most goods today cost more than three times as much as they did pre-war but, on average, I.C.I.'s prices have only about doubled during that period.

Let's forget I.C.I.'s prices. We could step up their production.

In the last nine years, I.C.I.'s manufacturing capacity has been *doubled.*

All right, but what about the public getting a share of their profits?

That part of I.C.I.'s profits which it distributes as dividends is shared among 250,000 stockholders and over 80,000 I.C.I. employees — quite a fair number of British people. A great deal is ploughed back — into more production — which means more exports, more jobs, more wealth for the country.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

by foreign bayonets—and more protests are still coming in. No doubt there is going to be a showdown.

* * *

In 1947 I had a long talk to Gomulka in Poland. I was told that he was the toughest representative of Polish Communism. I was much impressed, as everyone was who saw Poland at that time, with the energy and resolution that the new government was showing in reconstructing the most devastated country in the world war. One of the most remarkable things to witness was the individual efforts of people of all kinds in collecting building materials from the rubble and beginning to rebuild with their own hands, but with an admirably conceived general plan. But I urged on Gomulka the danger of a Soviet policy on the land and ventured to defend my democratic interpretation of Marx. He answered brusquely, "There is only one Marxism and one interpretation." A few months later he went to prison for holding a different interpretation to Moscow's. Now he is in office again, once more the representative of Polish, as against Stalinist, Communism.

* * *

A year later I had a similar long talk with Cardinal Mindszenty in which he expressed exactly the views that he did the other day in his broadcast. He wanted western intervention, hated all Socialist doctrine and, as a peasant and a cardinal, advocated a peasant society ruled by the Catholic hierarchy. I was impressed by his reckless courage and asked him if he wanted me to report what he said. He hesitated but said that he would rather I did not. It would have made little difference if I had, because he was arrested not long afterwards. I have been reading this week George N. Shuster's book *In Silence I Speak* (Gollancz, 21s.). It is a eulogy written from a strictly Catholic point of view. Though it adds interesting details about the past life of the Cardinal, it doesn't succeed in giving a rounded portrait of him. It clearly emerges that, unlike some of his colleagues, notably Cardinal Vyshinsky in Poland, he is a brave rather than a statesmanlike prelate, and that one of his principal objects is the restoration of the vast landed property which formerly belonged to the Church. Mr. Shuster admits that his confession remains a puzzle. His subdued bearing at his trial is one of the most baffling successes of the Communist purges. We know now much more than we did of the terrible techniques of extorting confessions, and we can give full value to Mindszenty's statement before he was jailed that, if he confessed, it would only be the result of duress. The puzzle is that, given his apparent toughness and his bold and open hostility to the new regime and known contacts with "enemies of the people," he did not frankly boast of this "treason" in court, but instead behaved in an abject way that dismayed his many faithful followers. Is one to believe that he was so far-sighted that he deliberately "confessed" to every accusation in the sure belief that the regime would some day fall and that he would have a chance to make the speech that he did in fact make last week?

* * *

I have not seen in the press the following remarkable extract from a broadcast interview given in Budapest by Professor Janossy, Vice-Chairman of the former Hungarian Atomic Energy Commission:

> The Hungarian uranium ore is in Hungarian hands. The Soviet engineers and their families have left. . . . The Soviet authorities closely guarded anything connected with uranium. They were reluctant to take in Hungarian scientists, let alone experts. So it was impossible to do any prospecting. The Hungarian experts were left in the dark. I, the vice-chairman of the former Atomic Energy Commission, received no information. I know only from the papers of the deposits of uranium. . . . For these reasons I know very little with certainty . . . I do not know the terms of the contract with the Soviet Union. . . . For the time being no one can say with any degree of certainty what quantity of uranium there is in the country; perhaps not even approximately. It is probable, however, that the deposits are considerable. . . .

This reveals a fact about Soviet control which I understand is true of all the satellites in which uranium is found—East Germany, Rumania and Czechoslovakia as well as Hungary.

* * *

Remembrance Day was the jolly kind when the clouds chase each other across the Downs, a swirl of gulls clamour overhead and the wind and the sun together shout that it's a time for youth and fun. That clearly was how the scarlet and black horsemen and women on the slope nearby were feeling; the hunt was up and they were reining in their horses, silhouetted on the skyline, while they waited for the hounds to break away. A bunch of sightseers had come up the bridle-path to watch; with luck there might be a kill quite near my garden gate. I said to one who leaned on the post with a poppy in his button-hole that hunting roused the worst in me; I could not help thinking that the hunters made wonderful targets for rifle practice. He said he understood that; he used to feel just like that with a catapault when he was a boy looking down at the masters from the gallery at school speech-days. "The sporting instinct?" I said. "But don't you think," he asked, "that these hunting folk might be doing something worse with it if they were deprived of hunting?" "Such as shooting Egyptians?" "Or Hungarians?" "Oh, yes, the Russians seem to have their sporting instincts well developed, don't they?" We were comparing notes in this way when a couple of aircraft, big bombers I thought them, roared overhead. I could see that from their point of view, that all of us, little bunches of midgets scattered about the Downs below, must also have made tempting targets for men with sound sporting instincts.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Poole Young Conservatives last night called off their idea of burning an effigy of Mr. John Foster Dulles as a protest against his policy. Instead they wished him a speedy recovery after his operation.—*Southern Daily Echo.* (W. R. Cummings.)

A drinking extension until midnight was granted by Portsmouth magistrates for the dinner and dance of the local temperance society.—*Daily Mail.* (Mona Corbould.)

The Commissioner held that licences given by a husband to his wife to commit adultery with the husband's brother and another named man respectively did not extend to adultery some time later with an odd-job man.—Report in *The Times.* (A. P. Flatt.)

Members of Worthing municipal choir, giving a concert at the town's Assembly Hall, voted against inclusion in the programme of the grand chorus from Verdi's *Aida*, which begins with the words, "Glory to Egypt's mighty gods. . . ." The conductor, Mr. James Kershaw, substituted *The Merry Wives of Windsor.—The Times.* (F. J. Walesby.)

Would comrade who held guitar case at demonstration please contact Box . . . ?—Advert. in *Daily Worker.* (J. S. Jenner.)

Mr. J. Rose, postmaster at Princetown, said that letters for Dartmoor Prison were addressed to "Her Majesty's Prison, Dartmoor." There was another address sometimes used for the inmates: 7 Tor View.

The Judge: "Do you mean that if you were a prisoner in Dartmoor, and you did not want friends to know, you could get letters addressed to you at 7 Tor View?—Yes.—*Manchester Guardian.* (Leonard D. Blogg.)

Sir,—I am at last convinced that the *Manchester Guardian* gets its instructions from Russia—otherwise it would not incite the British people to civil war.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian* (C. G. Kuper.)

The Old Adam

"CORPORAL punishment," said Captain Waterhouse in 1953, "is of real value, especially for boys. . . . If a policeman is thought too strong, let us have a good stout policewoman on the job." The images are rich, voluptuous and symbolic. Authority armed with a birch! Virtue flagellating vice! Britannia flogs the Wogs. Deep in the psyche of the essential Tory lies the Policewoman Complex.

Case History XIV.—Captain Charles Waterhouse, aged 63. General health good. Property owner. Recreations—shooting, fishing, ploughing, etc. Justice of the Peace. Mild political schizophrenia; obsessional disciplinarian and compulsive rebel. Reveries of Britannia's firm hand.

Look at him as he is today. Like an ambulant cigar in which the memory of old port and gamey pheasant still lingers, he moves through the corridors of the Palace of Westminster exuding a reflective if slightly nostalgic prosperity. (Did he not sell 1,800 acres of his Derbyshire estate a few years ago?) His period is *Daily Mail*, 1920, the time when Imperial Britain could give short, sharp orders to the foreigner abroad and the working classes at home, when the tide of war had receded and left on the beach that unique body of Tory captains who have retained their rank into advanced middle age. A buck of the 1920s, he still wears a pearl tie-pin in his cravat, sometimes a light waistcoat, yet withal a dark suit and watch-chain, as is becoming for a privy councillor and a man of public affairs, whose ascent of the lower parliamentary slopes from P.P.S. to the corner seat in the third bench below the gangway has been superficially as conventional as it has been decorous. The jewellery is unobtrusive, and would have remained so had the Captain not had a suitcase stolen in 1931 when he was on his way from the Ritz to his Sloane Street house. He then reported the loss not only of his pearl tie-pin but also of a tie-pin made from a fox's tooth.

Captain Waterhouse is a subtle man. Beneath his simple prejudices lies a careful calculation. He recognises that Toryism isn't a policy; it's a state of mind. Not quite an old Etonian himself—he was at Cheltenham—he knows that the mass of the Tory Party aren't quite old Etonians either. He is therefore able and willing to express the asperities which the civilising influences of Eton have rubbed away from the public utterances of the Tory front bench. How they laughed at Llandudno when, in an aside after some reference to the "nigger in the woodpile," he added: "Too many of them about anyhow!" Other than a reference to employees of the British Council as men with long hair and women with short skirts, it is his only recorded jest.

But he knows the key-words to send the party into a fugue—not for nothing was he Chairman of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations in 1952. Apart from the Empire, there's loyalty. Apart from flogging, there's hanging. And apart from government waste, there's always nationalisation. No doubt about it, Captain Waterhouse has elevated loyalty to a pragmatic principle—namely, that a loyalist is anyone he says is one. "We have a right," he declared in May, 1940, "to condemn severely the constant attacks made by irresponsible and I would almost say contemptible individuals upon certain leading members of the government. . . ." And then to clinch it, "Unity is strength." Thus spoke the Zarathustra of the 1956 Suez rebels.

He had, of course, had a long apprenticeship in obeisance—as Assistant Whip, Junior Lord of the Treasury and Comptroller and later Treasurer of the Household, till Chamberlain made him Assistant Postmaster-General. His loyalty did him no harm. A polite man in his personal relations, he was translated to the Parliamentary Secretaryship of the Board of Trade, where he was inherited by Hugh Dalton. The job of interpreting the Coalition government's Orders was not uncongenial to him. His neat mind pigeonholed and docketed the stuff of rationing and quotas, and no one could find fault—least of all his Minister—with his meticulous and faithful exposition of wartime restraints. "Give Waterhouse the brief, and he'll say it," was the slogan at the Board of Trade. Thus in 1941, at the time of the concentration of industry, he faithfully hinted to small shopkeepers that they'd better pack up. "There's a good deal to be said," he announced in his unvarnished way, "for the suggestion that [the shopkeepers] should realise their stocks, invest their money and go into other work." A year later he was obediently declaring that it was "no part of the government's policy to crush or hamper the activities of the small trader."

And so till the end of the war he stood at the despatch box, Dalton's other voice, wuffly and genial, Old Faithful himself, widely known as Parly Charlie. He was a good Number Two, who kept his Minister well informed about the Tory state of mind, a first-class chairman of departmental committees and a perfect buffer against aggrieved industrialists when Dalton had to refuse them building permits. But in 1945 a disloyal electorate at Leicester discarded him in favour of the present Chief Whip. Some men might have left politics in disgust at such ingratitude. Not the Captain; he knew that the country needed him. He remained on active service in the apparatus of the Tory Associations, and was returned for South-East Leicester in 1950.

Now began a more demonstrative phase in the Captain's career; perhaps he was made more aggressive by the injuries he received when his head struck an iron girder in a Derbyshire lead mine? In any case, to the outward eye, he was as urbane as ever. But his friends knew that he had changed. Some now called him Slasher; others Captain Slaughterhouse. Whatever the variety of these uninvited *noms de guerre*, all were agreed that from Whitehall to Suez the Captain was out for blood.

The irreverent youth of the Labour Benches, seeing him rise in his place, moustachioed and florid, imagined that they could treat him as an ancient fuddy-duddy. They couldn't. A skilful parliamentarian, courteous but tough in the face of attack, well-documented and, above all, comforted by a philosophy, Captain Waterhouse could give as good as he got. To the Socialists he was a little bizarre; to the Tories he was a familiar

figure—the country Tory, the backbone of the Associations, the military gentleman with some land. They respected him as Socialists respect a trade union M.P. He became Chairman of the Tory Defence Committee, till in 1954 the loyalists obliged him to resign because of his rebelliousness on Suez. He was the natural head of the loose association which came to be known as the Suez Group.

It is a merit in Captain Waterhouse (First Life Guards) that not only would he have ordered the Charge of the Light Brigade, had he been able, but he would have led it as well. (Not for nothing did he win the M.C. in the first world war, and his son, with transmitted virtue, win it in the second.) With him courage and insensitivity are twins. And so when he moved his motion on Suez in 1953, in defiance of Churchill, he said with five-thumbed delicacy, "We have no thought of putting pressure on the Prime Minister. We sought (in our motion) to give him kindly guidance and place on his shoulders our friendly hand so that should he on his arduous way make a slight stumble, we should be on hand to help him back." It was a form of obsequious blackmail which made the Labour Benches squirm and the Treasury Bench scowl. Who would have thought that within so short a time the Suez Group would have stormed, captured and perhaps destroyed both the Prime Minister and his entourage?

Captain Waterhouse is an expert in balance sheets. He has the steward's eye which can detect the slightest sign of extravagance in the national estate. Why, only a short time ago when Labour was in power, he complained bitterly that Ministers kept their chauffeurs waiting in the Yard until late into the morning. (His concern was not with their arduous duties but with the thought that they were being paid overtime.) It is perhaps too early to draw up a balance sheet of Captain Waterhouse himself. All that can be said, while awaiting the final bill for Suez, is that if the Tory Party has gone bust, it is because of the high cost of the Captain.

Murder and the Constitution

THE government's Homicide Bill has produced an extremely odd situation. Twelve months ago the House of Commons gave leave to give a First Reading to a Bill to abolish the death penalty for murder. It did so unanimously. The practical effect amounts to nothing whatever. Anyone can present a Bill at any time, at least once the ballot for Private Members' Bills is over. But only a government Bill, or one with government goodwill, gets any further, since the government controls the time-table.

So a Motion was placed upon the Order Paper calling upon the government to provide time for a Second Reading debate. It was signed by one out of every three Members of Parliament. They came from both sides of the House and the numbers were growing day by day. But the government thought that, even if most members desired it, it would still be unfair and undesirable to give such precedence to one Private Member's Bill over others, especially those successful in the ballot for Private Members' time. Instead, they promised to find time for a motion on the principle: they did not explain, nor has anyone ever found out, how such a debate differed from a Second Reading debate. They also promised a free vote and undertook to base their policy on the result.

When the House rejected all compromise and decided for total abolition, the government changed its views about the propriety of giving precedence to a Private Member's Bill and decided that that was the very method best calculated to fulfil their pledge of making the decision of the House the government policy. By a parity of reasoning they continued to implement that pledge by opposing the Bill, advising the House to reject it and using all their influence against it at every stage. But they did not make it a matter of confidence. They proposed no amendments themselves and consistently declared that it was for the House to decide according to its own judgment. The House rejected all amendments, qualifications and modifications and the Bill passed all its stages in the Commons without substantial change.

At that stage there can be no doubt of the constitutional position. Ministers must comport themselves in conformity with the will of the House of Commons decided by a majority in accordance with its own rules. No one has doubted it, certainly not in the last two centuries. Whether that majority is secured by general support for the government in obedience to a demand for loyalty without reference to the merits of the particular issue, or on the merits of that issue without references to party loyalties, is constitutionally immaterial. Ministers must accept and implement the will of the Commons: if they are unable to do so, they must resign. On such an issue, they should make their position plain in good time, so that members vote with a due sense of responsibility. If an issue raises no such dilemma but is one which Ministers expressly leave to the unfettered judgment of the House, they must accept the result. No minister since Strafford has claimed to be entitled to act in defiance of the express will of the House of Commons.

The support of the House of Lords is convenient but not essential. If it were, government would be impossible wherever the two Houses reached incompatible conclusions and, with the House of Lords constituted as at present, there could be no government but a Conservative government. There is an elaborate procedure designed to reconcile differences between the two Houses but where agreement is not reached or where, as in the present instance, the Lords make such exchanges impossible by rejecting the whole Bill on Second Reading, the Commons, if it chooses to insist, is entitled to have its way. That, at least, has been the position since 1911.

The oddity of the present situation is that a government which is bound by its specific pledge as well as by constitutional propriety to give effect to the Commons' decision, has quite clearly determined to do everything in its power to defeat it. It refuses to bring in the Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill itself. It refuses facilities for anyone else to do so. Though it cannot prevent a member successful in the ballot from introducing it, it refuses it any precedence and insists that whether the Commons exercises its rights under the Parliament Acts shall depend not upon its judgment but upon the luck of the draw. Meanwhile, with a world on the brink perhaps of ultimate disaster, hedged around with the gravest financial and industrial problems of our time, it gives the most urgent priority in its programme to its Homicide Bill in a desperate attempt to forestall the abolitionists and embarrass the Commons, should the luck of the draw be against it.

The Homicide Bill itself is an elaborate device to circumvent the Parliament Acts. It consists of five parts and a schedule. Four of the five parts are not concerned with the death penalty at all. They deal with the definition of murder or, as Part 1 describes it, "the fact of murder", and with certain administrative matters. The changes made would be admitted by most lawyers to be necessary improvements in our highly anomalous law, though the Home Office and the present Home Secretary have frequently denied it. They are, however, relevant to the penalty only in the sense that but for the death penalty the anomalies would have no practical results.

Only Part 2 deals with the death penalty, while the schedule makes administrative provisions consequent upon it. In effect Part 2 is the Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill with certain amendments already rejected by the Commons. It has no organic connection with the rest of the Bill at all. But its inclusion in it has important constitutional consequences.

The Parliament Acts provide that twelve months must elapse between the Second Reading in the first parliamentary session and the Third Reading in the second. Therefore the Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill must not pass its Third Reading before next April. Should the Homicide Bill pass all its stages before then the Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill would itself have been murdered.

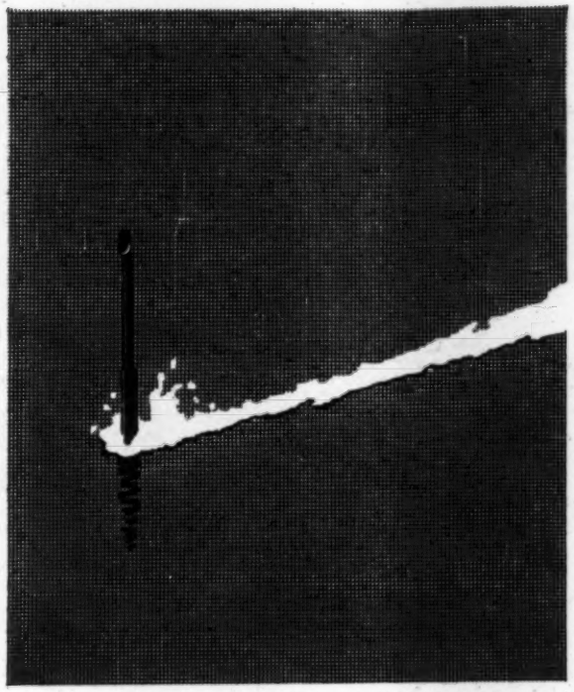
The Parliament Acts also provide that the Bill must be presented to the House of Lords the second time in substantially the same form as on the first occasion. Should Part 2 pass without amendment it will not therefore comply with the Parliament Acts and the Lords could reject it or add further exceptions exactly as it could with any other Bill. Were Part 2 to be amended by the Commons so as to exclude the proposed exceptions and assimilate its provisions to those of the Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill, it would still not comply with the Parliament Acts by reason of the inclusion of Parts 1, 3, 4, and 5. The Lords could still reject it or amend it, even though, had it been presented as a separate measure, they would have had no further power to intervene.

If the Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill gets a Second Reading, the complexities are endless. Will there be a Committee stage? Will the two Committee stages be taken together? If not, will they be before the same Committee or different Committees? Or will both Committee stages be taken on the floor of the House or one on the Floor and the other in Committee upstairs? In that event which will have precedence if they reach different conclusions on the same point? Such differences are at least probable, because in one case there will be a free vote while in the other the government whips will be on. Which will be really the decision of the House of Commons?

All this must have been foreseen and could readily have been avoided. The government could have introduced Part 2 as a separate measure. That would have given the Commons the opportunity of accepting the government's proposals or standing by its previous decision. But in the latter case it must then have prevailed under the Parliament Acts. The Homicide Bill effectively prevents that, certainly if the Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill is unlucky in the ballot.

It has been estimated that if the Homicide Bill becomes law, five-sixths of those now executed would escape the gallows. Those now executed average twelve a year. What a pathological preoccupation with the gallows is indicated by the apparent willingness to do such wanton damage to the whole basis of representative government in a parliamentary democracy in order to kill two murderers a year!

SYDNEY SILVERMAN



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Fleet Street Notebook

It is natural enough that in the march of great events two journalistic tragedies should make no impact worth mentioning on the general public mind. Yet in the last fortnight two famous provincial morning papers have died—both, in fact, on the same day. There are expectations that others may soon follow them.

The two that have died are the *Birmingham Gazette*, which began existence as a weekly paper well over 200 years ago and became a daily when the stamp tax was removed just over a century back, and the *Yorkshire Observer*, which has been a morning paper since 1868 and a weekly for many years before that. This is not, therefore, a case of the closing down of papers with no particular links with the communities they serve but of the ending of established journals with deep roots in their localities. Nor was either paper declining in popularity. The circulation of the *Yorkshire Observer* had been rising steadily for some years. That of the *Birmingham Gazette* was over 83,000, nearly twice as much as that of its only direct rival in the field, the *Birmingham Post*, by which it has now been absorbed. Both have been killed by rising costs and by the inability to attract sufficient advertising revenue to meet the steadily increasing gap between revenue and expenditure. Their demise throws sharply into relief the critical situation that is now developing for all but the richest and most successful newspapers. Nor were either of these papers solitary enterprises. Both were controlled by Westminster Press Provincial Newspapers, Ltd., which owns a substantial chain of morning, evening and weekly provincial papers and is in a better position than many proprietors.

A century ago when the last of the taxes on knowledge—the newspaper stamp tax—was removed, the most immediate and encouraging consequence was an immense flowering of provincial morning papers. While that tax existed there was scarcely a single morning paper in any city in England or Wales outside Scotland and only two in Scotland. Within a few days of its removal morning newspapers sprang into existence in every great city in the country. Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, Newcastle, Nottingham, Sheffield, Darlington, Plymouth, found themselves possessed almost overnight of strong competing organs of local opinion. It was one of the most remarkable journalistic developments to be found anywhere in the world—and one that had a substantial effect on the political and social history of Britain. Now the run of all but a few of the most outstanding provincial papers seems to be ending. We are moving, it would appear, into an era of ever more complete domination from London. Consider this record.

At the end of the first world war forty-one morning papers served great and varied centres of population throughout the provinces. Only nineteen of that forty-one now survive. It is anybody's guess how much longer more than a small handful of the largest even of these survivors will continue to exist. At that time thirteen cities outside London had more than one morning newspaper, and local public opinion could draw vitality from the clash of views and the competition in local reporting between them. Today, with the death of the *Birmingham Gazette*, only two cities outside London, Manchester and Glasgow still have competing morning papers—and since the death of the *Daily Dispatch* even Manchester only clings to the distinction fortuitously as the northern publishing centre of the London nationals. Evening papers are less exposed to the competition of the Metropolitan press than are morning ones, and their costs are lower. But today the number of provincial cities in which there is a choice of local evening papers has been reduced to eight.

Now provincial journalism is not only the traditional, and in a great many practical ways the most valuable, training ground for newspapermen. It has also always provided an opportunity for many of the most responsible men and women in the profession to exert their professional influence outside the scurry—and sometimes the hysteria—of Fleet Street. Thus the outlook so far as journalists themselves are concerned grows steadily darker. Nor, I think, can the significance of what is happening upon the pattern of social and public life generally be safely disregarded.

We are moving more and more towards a pattern of journalistic uniformity that cannot help, I think, but have a damaging effect upon the vigour and variety of a good deal of national life. No doubt from the purely professional newspaper standpoint many of the communities which are now forced to depend upon one monopoly paper—and often upon a paper owned by a London combine with no local roots—are well enough served with general news. Better, perhaps, in some cases than they would be by competing local newspapers with inadequate resources—although that is not the case in the present instance. Both the *Birmingham Gazette* and the *Yorkshire Observer* were excellent local morning papers. What is an even greater danger is that the decline of the provincial press to a pattern of monopoly is bringing an enervating and socially harmful neutrality into far too much journalism. Dependent as they are upon the good will of all local groups, and by the nature of things in regular contact with them, such monopoly papers tend only too frequently to blur all the edges of controversy in order to avoid offending anyone of influence in their area. Issues which ought to be reported are glossed over, disclosures that ought to be made are not made, conflicts of opinion that ought to be clearly expressed are muffled. The national press with all its resources cannot replace the provincial press or provide any true substitute for it. And the fact we now have to face is that a large part of the provincial press is dying around us.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Brouhaha for a Carlton Club Quartette

When Milton first was heard to state
That God preferred His Englishmen
The Slave Trade was immaculate,
For this was God's Commandment then:
"Trade, Britannia! Britannia, trade in Man!
Get some money, money, money where you can."

Jehova (*circa* 1807)
Said we must close such monstrous shops
And by a new Decree of Heaven
Britons became Anointed Cops:
Hail, Britannia! Britannia, bash the knaves—
Britons never, never, never trade in slaves.

The Lord then let us understand
Some forms of theft he viewed with phlegm;
We must not take men from the land,
But we could take the land from *them:*
Grab, Britannia! Britannia, rob the Wogs—
Britons ever, ever, ever are Top Dogs.

When we had seized the larger swag
We looked in horror at the Wops,
Who went marauding with a flag
In the Close Season—when it stops.
Shout Britannia! Britannia, bid them cease—
Britons never, never, never break the peace.

Now (through Saint Anthony) the Lord
Says that He's changed His mind once more—
With Russia we have firm accord:
A war no longer is a war.
Read, Britannia! Read your Gutter Press—
Britain's in a bloody, bloody, *bloody* mess.

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Comic Muse

THE Comic Muse has been stalking—or it may be trailing—round London in the last week in a variety of disguises, showing off her wares. At the Arts, pony-tailed and flat-heeled, she has been displaying the very latest French fashion, Ionesco; and this may take a bit of getting used to. At the Globe, a dowager, sagging and decidedly middle-aged, she is showing a Coward model, one of the day before yesterday's. At the Winter Garden she is trying to sell us pure period, early Shaw and the only not very good one.

Ionesco is plainly something that gets you or it doesn't. It is funny-peculiar. Its point seems to be to carry the absurd by mercilessly logical stages beyond the absurd into the frontiers of hysteria. Thus a young married couple come into a room together and begin a conversation. He says, "I think. . . . Am I wrong. . . . Haven't we met before?" She replies, "Yes, I rather think. . . . I seem to recognise. . . but I can't really remember." "I thought," he goes on, "I noticed you in the train coming down from Manchester, the 5.9." "I was," she admits, "on the 5.9 coming down from Manchester." "I was sitting," he says, "in the corner seat in the third coach." "And I too was sitting . . .," she says; and so they progress, discovering that they have reached this point in the same train from the same town, from the same house in that town, from the same room in that house and the same bed in that room. It is funny if you find it funny, and you can find a meaning, too. You can find several, indeed, can take your choice. There are two plays; the first *The Bald Prima Donna*, fantasticates the boredom of bourgeois marriage; the second, *The New Tenant*, is about a man who is literally (we watch this actually happening) imprisoned by his love of possessions. Certainly Ionesco is a new taste. If he is not mine, there's no reason why he shouldn't be yours.

The new Coward, *Nude with Violin*, has one great merit which has not been enough emphasised—it provides a part in which Sir John Gielgud gives a really dazzling comic display. The valet has, since the dawn of comedy, provided a beau role, and here Sebastien, the valet of a lately dead forger, left to reveal the truth to the family, solve the problems involved and feather his own nest, has all the makings of a superb creation smack in the middle of the tradition. Because Mr. Coward has become thoroughly careless in his middle age and seems to think we can be fobbed off with third best, it is not that. But the point is that Sir John plays it as if it were. It is an executant's triumph, masterly in the exactness of its phrasing, in its perfect fingering, its delicacy of touch, its Mozartian style. It is, no doubt, a sign of grace with us that we are no longer satisfied with mere virtuosity; that we demand that the player should play something worth hearing, too. But perfection is perfection, and Sir John is here perfect, and enjoying this I forgave Mr. Coward much. There is, of course, much to forgive. One had thought that Mr. Coward must have a trick up his sleeve for his ending—that he wasn't really going to back the middle-class belief that any two loony ladies and a child could paint "modern" pictures well enough to fool all the galleries in the world—and if he had produced that trick, it would have rescued the play, which besides the Gielgud part, gave us an uproarious quarter of an hour with Miss Kathleen Harrison. But, no, Mr. Coward has settled for the intellectual level of a Bournemouth hotel television room. That was not how he made his success; and I doubt if it is how he will keep it.

I pass rather hurriedly over *The Devil's Disciple* at the Winter Garden. I had forgotten

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how dim the play is—the melodrama it was undermining having so long disappeared that itself, absurd paradox, seems to be the model it is guying. A faithful production does nothing to bring it alive until the entry in the last act of General Burgoyne, and it is not that the General is in fact the first Shavian character to come on the scene, but that Mr. Noel Wilman makes him seem so.

Finally to Oxford, where, at the Playhouse, the Comic Muse was noticeable by her absence and was very sadly missed. Mr. Elias Canetti's *The Numbered* is a very serious business, serious in the relentless Central European manner. I quite see why Mr. Canetti was tempted to write a play on this theme and Mr. Hauser to produce it. It seems on the face of it completely original. But first one, then the other ought to have resisted it. The only originality that matters is the treatment, not the idea. Mr. Canetti invents a state—pocketed, to judge from seedy mackintoshes and silk-edged turned-up trilbies, in the Europe of the inflation—where everyone knows exactly when he will die. One is given (by whom?) as a name one's age for dying at. But no one knows exactly how old other people are (why not?) and it is conventional not to inquire. The effect of this on life is shown in a series of fairly brief scenes. Thus a young man and girl have just got up from a bed. The boy asks the girl when she is coming again. She says, Never. He can't understand it; haven't they had a lovely time? Yes. Don't they love each other? Yes. Then why on earth not? Can't he guess? No, he is completely baffled. This, like all the other ten introductory scenes, misfires because, if he is baffled, we are not. Once the central idea has been taken in, it simply leaves each scene unlocked before it begins: and we have to watch the personages fumbling with doors pretending they are locked when we know they aren't, and we cannot share their surprise when at long last they try their doors and find them open. A small boy throws stones at a passer-by. Why, complains the injured passer-by? Because I'm allowed to. But who allows you to and why? insists the passer-by, way behind us as always: and when at last we are told that the boy is called "Eleven," you couldn't have knocked us down with a feather because we were flat out already with exasperation and boredom.

There is a rebel intellectual on the scenes, too, Fifty by name. He has doubts. Everyone carries round their necks all their life a locket which is opened only at death by The Keeper, who then, it seems, checks that the corpse did die on the appointed day. Fifty propounds the revolutionary theory that people don't, having not, apparently, been privileged to witness the introductory scenes in which we have seen that they *do*. The Keeper is the only person who sees the lockets and he may be cheating. So Fifty conspires with a friend to open a locket with a hammer and a chisel during a long scene of tortured worry, throughout the whole length of which we have already guessed that there is nothing in the lockets at all. There is not. So that proves that people don't die on the appointed day, even if they do. Which produces at once, as you can guess, a revolutionary situation and that brings this imaginary state and the play to a merciful end.

T. C. WORSLEY

At Covent Garden

EXCEPT for the Italian-language *Otello*, due for revival on November 23rd, the present dispensation at Covent Garden has a weak record in Verdi. For that it is not wholly to blame: there is everywhere a desperate shortage of singers with the voice, vitality and sense of style needed for the big Verdi roles. In the great opera houses of Italy we should hear louder and juicier singing, bawled top notes, juddering tremolo, but withal a kind of rough gusto that has something of the composer's spirit, if little of his letter. In Germany . . . but no, I would rather not think of the current level of Verdi singing in Germany. Only at the Metropolitan, on a good night, are we likely to hear Verdi sung with something of the attention that used once to be paid to beauty of tone, line and phrasing; a bad night at the Metropolitan is just like Italy.

On top of all other difficulties, we insist on performing *Un ballo in maschera* in English, though it is one of the operas which gain least, and lose most, in translation. Not that the original text has any literary value: it is mere doggerel. But "La rivedrò nell' estasi" and "E scherzo od é follia" sound convincing, while their equivalents, whether or not we catch the exact words, do not. And the opera, with its brilliant score and ridiculous plot, needs all the conviction we can give it. The Covent Garden production, so far from attempting to mitigate inherent absurdities, adds a few on its own account. Amelia, desperately anxious that her visit to the fortune-teller's den should remain a close secret, went there in a brilliant and fashionable court dress, which moreover she continued to wear on that strange herb-gathering expedition at midnight by the gallows. It was a dress you would recognise a mile away, and yet one of the points of the scene is that her husband must not be aware that the mysterious stranger is his wife. Clearly, in both these scenes Amelia should wrap herself in a dark cloak, reserving her grand clothes for Act 3. Is not this just the sort of thing we are always being invited to smile at as typical of the bad old days before the producer got the prima donna under his thumb?

The Covent Garden production, ascribed to no one in the programme, is evidently that of Herr Rennert seen a few seasons back and now running gently downhill. That is to say, where several chorus men used to swing dead fish in time to the disguised King's barcarolle, now one man rather shamefacedly swings one fish. The conductor, Argeo Quadri, played the Prelude in such a way as to arouse high hopes, but later gave way to a passion for noise. The detached chords that introduce us to the sorceress's residence crashed into the theatre with such violence that healthy-looking listeners turned pale. But this was only a Toscanini-like façade: there was little rhythmic impulse in the scenes of passion, little brilliance in the lighter music associated with the pleasure-loving King and his court. Only the Oscar of Graziella Sciutti sparkled; she looked well, sang her songs with precision and gaiety, and even contrived to get a good deal of point into her English words. Maria von Ilosvay made a curiously improbable sort of sorceress. David Poleri had something of the debonair manner required for the King, and he phrased with style, but his actual tone was meagre and without bloom.

Amy Shuard's Amelia divided opinion. As the nearest thing to a dramatic soprano to be found among the younger generation of English singers, she has already acquired an enthusiastic following; but she remains an immature artist. In the love duet, and at certain points in the last act, she gave us some pleasant soft singing. But for much of the time her vocalisation was clumsy: she attacked notes from beneath, left them with a wrench, and habitually forgot to listen to the actual sound she was making. Both vocally and dramatically, she is in need of some first-rate coaching. Jess Walters has too thick and low-lying a voice for the testing high baritone role of the King's secretary. Perhaps he sings too much; for he was to be heard again on the following night—this time to better advantage—as the Marcello in a satisfactory, indeed a highly enjoyable, performance of *La Bohème*. Elsie Morison repeated her effective Mimi, and Raymond Nilsson, once he had got some initial tightness out of his singing, was a Rodolfo convincing both to eye and to ear. Marie Collier made a promising début as Musetta, showing a vivid instinct for the stage and a voice which will be beautiful if she refrains from forcing it. Rafael Kubelik obtained some refined playing from the orchestra, especially

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from the string section, during this *Bohème*. He seemed to be doing equally well during the second act of *The Magic Flute* last Saturday, when Geraint Evans made a delightful Papageno and Joan Sutherland, singing Pamina for the first time, held the house with a pure and delicately phrased account of her G minor song, as difficult a piece as any in the soprano repertory.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Manzù

THE exhibition of sculpture by Giacomo Manzù, at the Hanover Gallery, should not be missed. Manzù is a sculptor so workmanlike and unostentatious, and above all so deeply rooted in tradition, that one knows even before seeing it that a fresh contact with his work will be a refreshing and reassuring experience. The main theme of this exhibition is a series of dancers, large and small, dancing, resting, or playing with their heavy tresses of hair. Like Renoir, Manzù is not afraid of dealing with the more obvious kinds of female beauty, and for the most part he avoids the risk of becoming meretricious, although a few of his figures are too slight and conventionally pretty to be satisfying. Manzù's work is, of course, less robust than that of Renoir, and one feels that while Renoir recognised with obvious joy that his work belonged to a classical tradition and accepted it boldly, using it as a point for new departures, Manzù, on the other hand, accepts fatalistically, almost unwillingly, the fact that he is a traditional artist, and almost seems to regard it as an inevitable limitation. This accounts for the static quality of his work and for the feeling of melancholy and sadness that characterises so much of it. Apart from his obvious technical mastery and fine plastic sense, his talent is elusive and hard to define. His figures live in a remote, detached, almost dream-like world, and the finish and texture of the bronze are used to envelop their fundamentally tough, sparse forms in a mysterious shifting light. This ability to convey an impression of varying light is one of the most original features of Manzù's work. Yet there are occasions when he seems to lose his sense of poetry and the sculptures then lose their inner life and become, despite their beauty, ordinary and a little dull. The finest things here are four small panels in low relief. This is a medium in which Manzù remains unchallenged by any other living sculptor, and one which reveals most clearly his gifts—his extreme economy of means, his ability to reinterpret religious themes in a new, disturbing and contemporary way, and his almost uncanny ability to create mood and atmosphere.

Although Manzù is an artist of far greater stature than any other showing at present in London, two other exhibitions are also well worth seeing. Pierre Lesieur is well known in Paris but is having his first one-man show here, at the Leicester Galleries, and John Christoforou is exhibiting his latest work at Gallery One. It is proof of Mr. Lesieur's talents that while his debt to Bonnard is so obvious, he can make the same subjects, rendered often in much the same way, seem fresh and original; and the abrupt angles of vision which he adopts, the more arbitrary technique and the bolder use of colour, all effectively proclaim that fifty years separate him from the older master. Mr. Christoforou is a much less sophisticated artist and his talent is as yet much less fully developed. Although he was born and brought up in England, Mr. Christoforou's work has a nobility and monumentality that is totally un-English, and evokes archaic Greek and Etruscan art. One cannot help feeling that the London fogs are deadening his obvious gifts. His colours in particular, blacks laid over oranges and smoky blues, should smoulder, but they only smoke damply, and a contact with a warmer, more direct civilisation might furthermore supply the passion and inspiration necessary to bring his painting to life. When this happens he will be a fine painter.

JOHN GOLDING

Con-men, and a White Elephant

THE lady in front of me at the performance of *Moby Dick* pulled on her gloves just before the film started. Now why did she do that? However, first I must introduce a better film.

The Swindlers, at the Cameo-Poly, is the third film of Federico Fellini to reach London. He dawned on us in an odd little festival at the Tivoli. *La Strada* and *I Vitelloni* were the films, and they have made their mark since: the first as a full-fashioned but surprisingly sympathetic drama of travelling fairs, brute strong-man with simpleton girl; the second as a more fluid, bitter scoop into the waste of café lives. To some extent this new film combines the qualities of both. It is jaunty, but has a hard bite; its fascination with the preying kind never masks a deep moral preoccupation. A man on a lonely mountain road stops a car; in the car are three men—a chauffeur with dark glasses, and two men, a young and an ageing—who quickly array themselves as priests, struggle into black skirts and chuck crosses; they are con-men who proceed to a farm with a tale about a murdered man under a tree and treasure left to the farmstead—on certain conditions, one being that the recipient should pay 500 masses, amounting to some 500,000 lira. Comically, dreadfully, it never fails. They drive off with their plunder, to exact next, perhaps, advance payments from slum-dwellers promised flats.

The monsters who so, like ferrets, suck the blood where they find it, aren't such bad chaps. We get to like, pity, and abhor them. One, the chauffeur with dark glasses, has a terrible geniality and goes after women; the young priest (Richard Baseheart) has a baby girl and a wife from whom he conceals his livelihood; the older (Broderick Crawford) is reaching that point of loneliness where failure makes a last grab at success. He longs after the heights; and we are given a wonderful New Year party at which he tries vainly to pull himself up. Failing, he goes on with the old round, encounters his schoolgirl daughter, is arrested on some minor charge and sent to prison, comes out to do another priest job at a remote farm. The end leads us to suppose that he has at last rebelled against the meanness of his existence, but it is only a last trick, unmasked by his confederates, and he dies miserably.

And so back to *Moby Dick*, which employs an original rich in the deeper qualities but exhibits few itself; and to that lady hastily pulling on her gloves. *Why* did she? Cold? It was warm in Warner's. Dread of the voyages to come? The unknown? The white whale that, she felt, could only be met by gloves of not inferior whiteness? *Moby Dick* started, "I am Ishmael" flung at us from a young wanderer who has reached a hill-top and having delivered his utterance plunges away. Beautiful hill country in soft colours, distant bay, eighteenth-century seaport, the inn, a reel, Queequeg, Father Mapple, the mysterious absence of Ahab. But I'm afraid that while from time to time I admired, I never thrilled. The sudden rain at the inn seemed unreal, the sailors' talk and the dancing, even Orson Welles in a pulpit, made to look like a ship's prow spouting about Jonah . . . they should have kept him for the whale, or at least Ahab. Ahab, when at last after a tremendous build-up he appears, is mild, nice Mr. Gregory Peck. We never recover from that, or at least I didn't. I found myself thinking about the lady in front. Were they, the gloves, still on? Yes! It was not till the final chase, with a storm thrown in, and Mr. Peck careering by clamped to the whale's side, that the solution suddenly occurred to me: she didn't want to lose those gloves when the stampede came to get out. *Moby Dick*? It was John Huston's dream for years, like Charlie Chaplin's of the Crucifixion in the corner of a modern ballroom, and it should have remained a dream.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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See, See the Lark!

By a strange coincidence Anouilh's play about St. Joan, *The Lark*, in Christopher Fry's translation, was done on both television and sound-radio last Sunday: from 3 to 5.35 p.m. on the Third, from 8.30 to 10 on BBC TV.

I assume that this was a coincidence because I can hardly believe that it was planned. Either on sound or on TV, Anouilh would appeal only to a minority audience (this "only" is not derogatory); within this particular potential audience there would be a certain resistance from those who think that Shaw did the job better; and even the most devoted admirer of Anouilh would hardly wish to sit through the same play twice on a Sunday.

Programme-planning is so complex a task that it seems almost unthinkable that there could ever be an overlord of all BBC programmes, a co-ordinator of sound and vision. He would have a nervous breakdown in a month. The BBC is rightly conscious, moreover, of its obligations to the millions of listeners who have no TV.

Yet these, as we have observed recently, are steadily dwindling in numbers; and superior persons are more rarely heard dismissing TV as, intellectually and socially, non-U. ("Oh no, *we* haven't got one . . . you only find them in council houses or stockbrokers' Surrey 'mansions.'") It might be as well to appoint a, so to speak, skeleton co-ordinator, who could cast an eye over all the programmes at an early stage of their planning and try to avert duplications that might be more objectionable than last Sunday's.

My observation suggests that intellectuals whose prejudice against TV has been overcome are every bit as fascinated by it, for the first few weeks anyway, as the LCMs are; and also that they find the week-end TV programmes slightly less barren than week-end programmes sometimes are on sound-radio. On sound they seem, so often, to be all sport and olde-tyme "light" music and Evangelical hymns and excerpts from films (surely, of all programmes, the most defective if non-visual); and even the Third is apt to put on marathon doses of Wagner when we are thirsty for something like a Haydn quartet. But on TV, last week-end for example, there were at least half-a-dozen programmes (if the Anouilh and *What's My Line?* be included, as I think the latter can, once at least) that no new viewer need have disdained to sit through.

One of these programmes was *The 64,000 Question*, which—apart from the larger moral question of encouraging avarice—is by no means so despicable as some quiz give-aways. The millions who saw it last Saturday were at least taught that it may be worth swotting up Shakespeare and classical music. I dislike this programme's meretricious trappings as much as anyone, its glamour-girls, its tatty decor, the "business" of keeping the top-prize questions in a Fabian-guarded safe; but the producer, John Irwin, argues that this build-up helps to create the suspense which is the essence of the programme's appeal, even to non-LCMs.

Although some of the commercials are entertaining in themselves (particularly one, an advertisement for a sweet called Tunes, which neatly parodies *Dragnet*), I never thought that I should positively welcome their intrusion into any programme. But, since ITV exists, I suppose that one must be glad that a few commercials are now clustering round *Free Speech*, sinewy survivor of successive anti-cultural purges. This presumably means that more viewers are watching it. Last Sunday the contestants were more restrained than usual: even when Alan Taylor used such favourite words as "outrageous," he smiled. But Carson at his fiercest could not have been more devastating than Michael Foot at his mildest. The lighting was admirable.

Even a relatively temperate *Free Speech* is a howling gale by comparison with the BBC's *Brains Trust*. To witness this conversation is to ride in a well-sprung, richly cushioned, horse-drawn tramcar: the question-master keeps them firmly to the rails (last Sunday allowing only Sir Ian Fraser to slip in a, naturally, pro-Eden propaganda point) and interposes cosy summings-up. ("It looks as though we're rather coming to the conclusion, then, that. . . .") The questions are hackneyed and harmless: do newspapers *mould* or *reflect* public opinion, should the Church refuse to marry potentially unsuitable couples, why do peace meetings "invariably end in fisticuffs?". Earnest middlebrow gentlewomen probably enjoy this; but it seems to me utterly to lack the bite and realism of *Free Speech*, and to be a sad waste of the real gifts of people like Dr. Bronowski and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter. So potently neutralising is the alchemy of Lime Grove that even Lady Violet, one of the most splendidly ferocious and incisive debaters in public life, is reduced to Barriesque sweetness. These brains seem to be pickled in lavender water.

The BBC scored a notable Eurovision scoop on Sunday—a live transmission direct from a frontier camp in which Hungarian refugees were being interviewed by Fr. Agnellus Andrew, so frequent and successful a broadcaster that he may soon come to be called the Fulton Sheen of the BBC. The telerecorded repeat in the evening was of far higher quality than hastily made telerecordings usually are.

It may look like ordinary journalistic enterprise, but it seems to me disgusting that wounded soldiers from Egypt arriving home should be exploited in TV interviews for war propaganda purposes. Perhaps it wouldn't matter so much if the questions were not so fatuous. The following questions were asked of one man, whose arm was in a sling, by an ITN girl reporter: "What was the first you knew of your wound?. . . Did it get you in the arm? . . . And what did you do then?" This is—literally—adding insult to injury.

TOM DRIBERG

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Correspondence

THE SUEZ WAR

SIR,—I note with interest that your journal "has supported the Israelis through good times and bad." This is undoubtedly true and one wonders whether your present opposition springs from your moral aversion to an act of violence or simply from your eagerness to criticise the government. A more compelling justification for starting a defensive war can hardly ever have arisen, if Colonel Nasser's threats to conquer Israel are to be taken at their face value, reinforced as they have been by the recent military pact just concluded between the Arab States, the purpose of which pact was—in the words of the Jordanian Army Commander—solely aggressive.

The danger is, in your own words, that by his act Mr. Ben-Gurion has destroyed the moral position from which Israel has been able since 1948 to exercise an influence out of all proportion to her strength. But what has been the result of this "influence"? It has been that the United Nations, after passing a resolution condemning Egypt's policy of closing the Suez Canal to Israeli ships, has taken no action at all to enforce this resolution, and yet your journal still contends that the Suez Canal was "in any event being properly and efficiently operated by its lawful owners." It has also been that the United Nations, impressed by "Israel's moral position," has ignored the constant attacks perpetrated by Arab soldiers, only considering the position during a vote of censure for the reprisals which Israel was induced to make by reason of the United Nations own inaction.

Finally, sir, I wonder if I might direct your readers' attention away from the moral rights or wrongs of Sir Anthony Eden's action, to the consequences thereof. Peace will be restored to the Middle East by means of the international police force shortly to be constituted under the auspices of the United Nations, and the Suez Canal will be extracted from the grip of an unscrupulous dictator. The "pros and cons" of the latter result can be argued from many different angles, but peace in the Middle East—a benefit to all the nations concerned in the bitter struggle which has rent that part of the world since 1947—is a thing which the United Nations in all its wisdom has not and never looked like being able to achieve.

The University, Leeds. DAVID WALSH

SIR,—I am a regular reader of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and it is in times like these that editors ought to know what their readers think. This reader agrees wholeheartedly with your opening leaders and is even more firmly attached to your paper. Your lucid attacks on our Egyptian policies have been splendid and did something for the shame I felt at being an Englishman abroad. It is papers like yours, with a staff of correspondents like yours, that may eventually enable us to look at the world, once more, without a feeling of such overwhelming shame and disgust of ourselves.

JEREMY GENTILLE

32 Rue Raymond-Losserand, Paris 14e.

SIR,—The choice of the newspapers and periodicals which enter my home is naturally dictated by beliefs and principles which have been outraged by Britain's war against Egypt. It has been some small comfort that I have not found it necessary to pen a single conscientious protest to an erring paper, neither have I found myself obliged to deny my subscription to a solitary weekly. I have, it appears, chosen wisely in the NEW STATESMAN, the *Observer* and the *News Chronicle*, and I am even more acutely aware of the worth of the *Manchester Guardian*.

All agree that I must write to my M.P. to urge the resignation of Sir Anthony Eden. It matters not that I have never voted for him, that I am a Socialist in a Tory stronghold. I still have this democratic right and duty. But will my letter have the slightest effect; can I do more than look forward with lively anticipation to next week's "Profile"; what else can I usefully do?

There is, for me, one difficulty, in which I should welcome advice: my Member is Captain Waterhouse.

41 Osmaston Road, JOHN G. BALL
Leicester.

COMMUNISTS AND HUNGARY

SIR,—During the 39 years of its existence the U.S.S.R. has achieved many great social, economic, and cultural advances, and, as Communists, we shall always strive to defend these achievements against attack. This does not mean, however, that we should refrain from criticising the Soviet government when we think it mistaken. In our view it is the duty of friends of the U.S.S.R. in Britain to state quite clearly and publicly that it was grievously wrong to allow the use of Soviet troops in Hungary. We are convinced that Socialism in any country must rest on the support of the majority of the people and must not depend on the presence or intervention of foreign troops.

We are aware that many people who are denouncing the Russians today have defended their own government's intervention in Suez and its use of military measures in several colonial countries. But this makes it all the more imperative for those who have consistently criticised these policies to make clear their position on this issue.

RONALD L. MEEK D. L. MEEK G. HOUSTON
L. HOUSTON G. WYLLIE L. M. KELLAS
Glasgow, W.2.

SIR,—As a member of the Communist Party I wish to condemn the Soviet military and political intervention in the internal affairs of Hungary. I believe that no ground exists, no matter what direction developments may take in Hungary, and particularly at this stage of the growth of the conditions and realisation of Socialism, for such violation of the right to national independence and self-determination.

This action has facilitated a dangerous return to the cold war, and has done great damage to the struggle for unity and Socialism throughout the world.

Whilst attacking this action, at the same time I think that Communist and non-Communist alike in this country must take our share of responsibility for the condition in which such an action can take place, due in large measure to our common mis-appraisal of the facts about the U.S.S.R., and the isolation of that country from the Labour Movement outside.

I would also like to take the opportunity of protesting as strongly against the aggression on Egyptian soil.

39 Dulverton Road, JOHN NELSON
Selsdon,
South Croydon.

SIR,—By giving uncritical support to Soviet repression in Hungary the British Communist Party has committed suicide as an effective political force in this country, at a time when it had the chance of making real progress.

The Stalin revelations, and the manner in which they were made, came as a profound shock to most British Communists. But there seemed a fair chance that the ensuing wave of fresh thinking and critical re-examination of past policies among the rank-and-file would sweep away the old, discredited top party bureaucracy and open the way to the development of a reinvigorated party with a mind of its own, freed from its automatic attachment to Soviet policy.

The conditions were favourable. The factors which made the party's subservience to Soviet policy understandable and perhaps inevitable no longer obtained. Stalin was dead; the cold war had thawed out considerably; heads were beginning to emerge cautiously from cold-war intellectual dugouts on both sides of the iron curtain; the Soviet Union, no longer struggling for survival, was one of the two most powerful nations on earth; the hydrogen bomb had taken a third world war out of the realm of practical military planning.

But the party leadership, entrenched in its bureaucratic machine, soon showed that it had learned nothing and was determined to fight all the way against demands from below for more democracy and independence. Offering no more self-criticism than the most vague acknowledgement of "mistakes," the leadership remained almost unchanged. Pollitt, elevated to an honorific presidency, declared that the party had nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to apologise for, Dutt dismissed Stalin's crimes as "spots on the sun," and Klugmann, his book on Tito formally withdrawn, was put in charge of party education. There was a not entirely successful attempt to curb discussion in the party press, a ban on *The Reasoner* and a refusal by the Political Committee to allow publication of the first dispatch from the *Daily Worker's* staff reporter in Hungary.

Even so, the rank-and-file revolt was and is gaining ground. It is conceivable that the coming special congress of the party will decisively repudiate the old guard. But for the very many members who, like myself, have now resigned the damage to the cause of Socialism and the party's good name has already been done. The Executive's statement supporting the Soviet attack on the Hungarian people has dealt a death-blow to the party's credit in Britain. Like the Communist leaders in Hungary, the British party leaders have conceded to their rank-and-file too little, too late. PATRICK GOLDING

5 Ravenscourt Place, W.6.

POLICE AND MARCHERS

SIR,—Although I was not present at the Trafalgar Square rally I have in the past week watched with interest the way the police have handled student demonstrations in sympathy with Hungary. I have been surprised to notice that some policemen, a small minority it is true, seemed far more excited than the crowds they were supposed to be controlling. During the demonstration outside Kensington Palace Gardens on Thursday night, for example, one constable approached a young reporter who stood by a telephone booth, well away from the *mêlée*, waiting to call his office, and commanded him to move off. When the young man produced a signed letter of identity from the news editor of a national newspaper, the constable told him to take it home and burn it. He appeared almost hysterical and quite beyond rational conversation.

During the demonstration outside the *Daily Worker* office on Friday night a constable came up behind a girl student and cuffed her merely because she was walking behind and in step with another constable. After some remarks about her infantile behaviour (in themselves somewhat infantile) he made an obscure reference apparently to her virginity (or rather the probable lack thereof).

All this may seem rather petty, but one does not expect pettiness from London policemen, even when they are dealing with something so unusual and un-British as a public demonstration.

LONDON JOURNALIST

SIR,—I am not a member of any police force, nor any political party, nor, even now, would I claim to be an efficient leader of demonstrations. However, I happened to be one of the men at the front of the procession which marched through the West End of London on Sunday, November 4.

Already there was a gradual drift away from Whitehall when I first heard cries of "to the West End." By their friendliness and good humour, the foot police had helped to abate the anger which had been whipped up by the charges of the mounted police. One side of Whitehall had been cleared and the crowds on the other side were beginning to disperse. As a means of carrying the protest to the cinema queues and window shoppers of the West End I joined two youths who held a banner "Law not War." They stopped at the traffic lights uncertain of direction. I suggested Piccadilly Circus. Behind us a huge movement was forming into a procession.

This movement was spontaneous and there were no leaders as our halting progress should have made apparent. Alternative suggestions were argued by those who formed the front as the procession moved up Regent Street, but the general agreement was that to keep together we must keep moving. When a man suggested Marble Arch, a short meeting, then a return to join with Dr. Soper at Kingsway Hall, we accepted the idea as the most constructive possible in the circumstances. This man may have been a plain-clothes policeman. I do not know, but I do know that he helped to lead the chorus of anti-government slogans.

At Marble Arch those of us in front tried to halt the procession. We were swept aside and now there was a new cry of "to the palace." As the procession marched down Park Lane I joined several other men in persuading those in front against this useless and dangerous action. We turned into Piccadilly and after a momentary hesitation the rest of the queue followed. An escort of mounted police formed up alongside. By the time we reached Piccadilly we had linked arms in orderly lines. I was in the front and saw no attempt to turn into the Haymarket.

When we reached Holborn our procession finished and Dr. Soper's began. I dropped into the rear of this and do not know what happened to the other men who had formed the front of our procession. But several thousands of young people had, by this march, demonstrated their protest against their government's action and in an orderly manner. If, as one might suppose Critic to imply, this demonstration was assisted by plain-clothes policemen, then this is a form of police action I welcome.

DAVID MAHRER

469A Finchley Road,
London, N.W.3.

PRIESTLEY AND LEAVIS

SIR,—Dr. Priestley's criticism of Mr. Leavis is by no means without validity, and what it seems to call for is not so much a "defence" of Leavis (no doubt you will receive plenty of foaming letters from his disciples), but a few words from someone who doesn't greatly care who wins the dog-fight. Here, at any rate, are my few words.

First, Mr. Leavis has *published* a good deal of criticism; why didn't Dr. Priestley make this the peg to hang his discourse on, instead of a second- or third-hand account of a lecture in some draughty provincial hall? In the past, Dr. Priestley has succeeded brilliantly in expounding the work of far more abstruse

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

thinkers, such as Jung and J. W. Dunne. A closely reasoned article by him on Mr. Leavis's criticism would have been something worth having, full of genuine substance. Secondly, why is Mr. Leavis always described as a grumbling, jeering fellow with a hatred of literature, merely because he refuses to acquiesce in fashionable reputation-mongering? Leavis has solidly, indeed massively, praised James, Conrad, Eliot, Lawrence—twentieth-century authors, all of them; his first appearance in the arena was as the *defender* of "modern" poetry against its academic detractors; he will be remembered as a man of enthusiasms, even of unbalanced and excessive ones, but surely not as a detractor. To be unimpressed by the poetic achievement of Messrs. Spender and Day Lewis, to consider Virginia Woolf's talent "slender," to call Lytton Strachey irresponsible, to hark back to Lawrence as our last major novelist—are these the signs of a hatred of literature? Indeed, the non-partisan reader might well ask who shows the greater concern for letters: the man who holds these opinions or the man who cites them, without comment, for simple derision. JOHN WAIN

25 Florida Court, Reading.

SIR,—Mr. Priestley does well to take Dr. Leavis to task for his skittle-alley lecture on "Literature in My Time." I heard it at Manchester. Besides his toppling full-toss at the major figures, he made routine assaults on his *bêtes noires*—the B.B.C. Third Programme, the Arts Council, and your own journal—all seen as performing capers in a vicious circle of prejudice and pride. Everybody, we learnt, is against him.

Two points seem to be worth making. First, that the lecture dismayed many of Dr. Leavis's audience—including, to my knowledge, people in general sympathy with his critical methods. Second, that no Lucky Jims were sent "rolling down the aisles." There are, no question, a few Jims about. But it would be an odd university audience, familiar with the skittle game, that failed to distinguish from a delicate inswinger or two this mere full-toss at a row which included a dummy—for D. H. Lawrence didn't even feel the draught. J. S. CUNNINGHAM

Dept. of English,
University of Durham.

SIR,—I expect you will receive a large number of angry replies, so may I from a rather different point of view congratulate you on commissioning (or merely printing) Dr. Priestley's caricature of Dr. Leavis. It was time that a public figure should write about Dr. Leavis from such a modest, disinterested angle—so modest as to enable Dr. Priestley to suggest that he and his friends are really just a lot of chaps trying to get by, doing no particular harm to anybody. But it was the whole subtlety of Dr. Priestley's approach that I admired.

I wondered at his clever way of criticising Dr. Leavis' complete lack of "fine shades between very great writing, at one end of the scale, and silly nonsense at the other" without referring to, say, Dr. Leavis's essay on Mr. Forster. Similarly, his distrust of "critical theory" is impressively original considering that he doesn't mention another of Dr. Leavis's essays, "Literary Criticism and Philosophy." Finally, if I might give my opinion as to which was the most entertaining feature of Dr. Priestley's article, it was his sureness of touch—the sureness that enabled him to perform such a service mainly from the evidence provided in the gossip column of a Sunday newspaper. . . .

Castle Road, N. P. SALMON
Hadleigh, Suffolk.

SIR,—I imagine that any person, with a slightly more than average awareness of the state of literary criticism in England, must have been—to say the least—faintly disgusted by Mr. Priestley's chummy, middle-brow attack on Dr. Leavis in your pages. To refute the blunt and impregnable insensitiveness of that attack, line by line, would be a waste of paper, for it betrays a very sketchy awareness both of what Leavis has stood for and what he has stood against. It is, in fact, simply a protracted testimony of ignorance, but of ignorance out of which money can be made, if one chooses to display it before a gullible public. But worse than that—comment enough on the essential justice of Leavis's diagnosis of the London literary scene—a gullible editor, and the editor of our most influential weekly, accepted it.

Old Rectory, CHARLES TOMLINSON
Hinton Blewett,
Temple Cloud, Bristol.

BEERBOHM TREE

SIR,—May I correct two misimplications and one misstatement in Mr. T. C. Worsley's review of my book on Beerbohm Tree?

In saying that Tree appreciated the genius of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Brieux and Shaw at a time when most of his contemporaries were abusing them, I make no claim that Tree was "something of a pioneer." I merely wish to point out that he was more intelligent than his fellow-managers.

Nowhere in my book do I infer that Tree's "influence on the future of Shakespearean production" was comparable with Granville Barker's or William Poel's. I simply assert that I personally preferred the productions at His Majesty's to those of Barker, because I think Shakespeare's plays should be acted, not under-acted.

Mr. Worsley says that Tree produced nothing by Brieux. If he will refer to pages 157, 158 and 238 of my biography, he will find that *False Gods* (James B. Fagan's translation of *La Foi* by Brieux) was done at His Majesty's in 1909, with incidental music by Saint-Saëns. HESKETH PEARSON

14 Priory Road, N.W.6.

MAX BEERBOHM

SIR,—I have been asked by Lady Beerbohm, in accordance with the wishes of the late Sir Max Beerbohm, to write his life. I should be grateful if anyone with letters or reminiscences of him could communicate with me. DAVID LEW

7 Linton Road, Oxford.

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THE HIPPOCRUMP

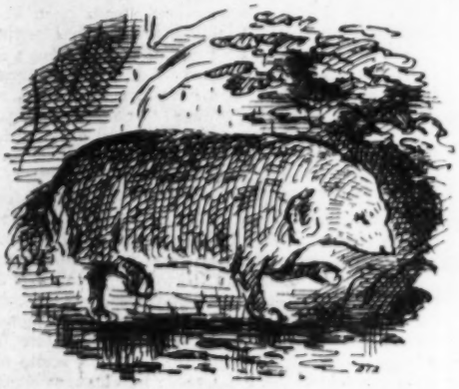
Along the valley of the Ump
Gallops the fearful Hippocrump.
His hide is leathery and thick;
His eyelids open with a click;
His mouth he closes with a clack.
He has three humps upon his back;
On each of these there grows a score
Of horny spikes, and sometimes more.
His hair is curly, thick and brown;
Beneath his chin a beard hangs down.
He has eight feet with hideous claws;
His neck is long—and O his jaws!
The boldest falters on his track
To hear those hundred teeth go *Clack!*

The Hippocrump is fierce indeed,
But if he eats the baneful weed
That grows beside the Purple Lake,
His hundred teeth begin to ache.
Then how the creature stamps and roars
Along the Ump's resounding shores!
The drowsy cattle faint with fright;
The birds fall flat, the fish turn white.
Even the rocks begin to shake;
The children in their beds awake;
The old ones quiver, quail and quake
"Alas!" they cry. "Make no mistake,
It is *Himself*—he's got the Ache
From eating by the Purple Lake!"
Some say, "It is old *You-know-who*—
He's in a rage: what *shall* we do?"
"Lock up the barns, protect the stores,
Bring all the pigs and sheep indoors!"

They call upon their god, Agw-ump
To save them from the Hippocrump.
"What's that I hear go hop-skip-jump?
He's coming! Stand aside there!" Bump!
Lump-lump!—"He's on the bridge now!"
—Lump!
"I hear his tail—ker-flump, ker-flump!
I see the prickles on his hump!
It *is*, it IS—the Hippocrump!
Defend us now, O great Agw-ump!"
Thus prayed the dwellers by the Ump.
Their prayer was heard. A broken stump
Caught the intruder in the rump.
He slipped into the foaming river,
Whose icy water quenched his fever,
Then while the creature floundering lay
The timid people ran away;
And when the morrow dawned serene
The Hippocrump was no more seen.
Glad hymns of joy the people raised:
"For ever great Agw-ump be praised!"

THE DOZE

Through Dangly Woods the aimless Doze
A-dripping and a-dribbling goes.
His company no beast enjoys.
He makes a sort of hopeless noise
Between a snuffle and a snort.
His hair is neither long nor short;
His tail gets caught on briers and bushes
As through the undergrowth he pushes.
His ears are big but not much use.
He lives on blackberries and juice.
And anything that he can get.
His feet are clumsy, wide and wet
Slip-slopping through the bog and heather
All in the wild and weepy weather.



His young are many, and maltreat him;
But only hungry creatures eat him.
He pokes about in mossy holes,
Disturbing sleepless mice and moles,
And what he wants he never knows—
The damp, despised and aimless Doze.

THE BISK

In Waikewake
Beside the Lake
Unseen by any stranger,
The little Bisk
Delights to frisk,
Oblivious of all danger.

At break of day
She seeks her prey
Along the Mukmuk River;
And when she sings,
Her spotted wings
Begin to quake and quiver.

The courting male
Has for a tail
One tall luxuriant feather,
With which displayed
He makes a shade
To keep her from the weather.

In summer days
One egg she lays
And finds a secret nook for it;
But she the spot
Remembers not
So sends her mate to look for it.

By Mukmuk's shore
She gathers store
Of berries each September,
But where she puts
Her nuts and fruits
She never can remember.

O gaily, gaily,
Ten times daily
She flits on careless wing,
Speak no harsh word
Of this small bird,
Who only lives to sing.

THE NONNY

The Nonny-bird I love particularly;
All day she chirps her joysome odes.
She rises perpendicularly
And, if she goes too far, explodes.

All sorts of books

For the enquiring child, there are three new and interesting books: ALL ABOUT LANGUAGE (12s 6d) by *Mario Pei*, which will set young people thinking more deeply about man's great gift of language and the use and abuse of the spoken word; DAUGHTER OF THE DESERT (Illus. 10s 6d) by *Josephine Kamm*, a biography of Gertrude Bell, the intrepid mountaineer, traveller and diplomat of note; and A DOCTOR ALONE (Illus. 10s 6d) by *Peggy Chambers*, the inspiring life story of Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman doctor.

The Bodley Head

And for leisure reading: THIRTEEN BANNERS (Illus. 10s 6d) by *Henry Garnett*, an exciting historical novel set in the days of the de Montfort rebellion; SECOND MEETING (9s 6d) by *Kathrene Pinkerton*, a charming story for older girls, with a Canadian background; THE LITTLE YELLOW JUNGLE FROGS (Illus. 7s 6d) by *Anita Hewett*, a further collection of jungle stories for young children; and THE NEW PET (Illus. 8s 6d) by *Marjorie Flack*, a colourful and attractive picture book for the very young.

for all sorts of children

Near Misses

Strange Quest at Cliff House. By NANCY MOSS. *Chambers.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Valerie of Gaunt Crag. By ELIZABETH HYDE. *Chambers.* 5*s.*

Theo and her Secret Societies. By MARGARET ROWAN. *Chambers.* 5*s.*

Two Girls and a Boat. By C. SALTER. *Blackie.* 6*s.*

The New Girl at Melling. By MARGARET BIGGS. *Blackie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Though this year's schoolgirl stories are milk-and-water when compared with the Brazilian glories of yesteryear, there are indications that authoresses are once more concentrating on the sensible, basic subjects such as lying, cheating and shinning down the creeper after lights-out. In the books under review, no longing glance is directed at a pony or larger quadruped, and there isn't a trace of a jodhpur.

In *Strange Quest at Cliff House*, Miss Nancy Moss gives us the third of her splendid Cliff House yarns. Devilish Irene Fletcher is still head girl and has now instituted fagging, sharply crushing all opposition: "How dare you raise your voice to me! Another word and I will take you straight to Miss Pusey." There are still no cricket-pitches or tennis-courts (the major portion of the hockey ground fell, if memory serves, over the cliff and now forms a section of the foreshore) and the Black Sheep (a chic society of the smarter prefects) are "dedicated to keeping Cliff House School the slack and degenerate school" it has previously been. In pursuit of this unusual aim they watch TV in the boxroom, steam open letters, and lure little Violet Starr on to Hermit Island, a naval gunnery practice area, where the startled junior comes in for a brisk bombardment. The live-wire Miss Bolney arranges co-educational rambles ("It's official!" chortled Ann), with a Roman pavement one day, two prehistoric stone circles the next, and Christine is all excitement when a sailing club is begun ("There's something in me that answers the call of the sea"). Susan Savage and Cissie Carew go sailing with Miss Bolney and no sooner are they out of harbour than water covers the floorboards ("Why, what's this? We're awash!"), the sail is hauled down ("Girls, you must bale"), the water rises ("Good gracious!") and they look about for assistance ("Wave to the trawler, Cissie"). At sunrise upon the cliff top, and in a scene of great power, Beatrice Lamont, her face working convulsively, confesses that it was she who was responsible ("It was I who pulled out the bung, Miss Bolney"), Miss Bolney countering with "In what way had I so gravely offended you?" Poor Beatrice ("Don't get hysterical, Beatty") receives a tremendous wigging from Miss Pusey at prayers, leaving her "statuesque and stricken" and, understandably, no longer a prefect.

Valerie of Gaunt Crag is chiefly remarkable for the complications of its plot. To Cornish Gaunt Crag, former residence of the rascally Silas Trevase, whose hidden treasure is being unwittingly guarded by a sizeable octopus, comes Valerie Peterson, whose blind, ex-R.N. father, widower of world-famous violinist, Athalie, is living incognito on a local house-boat after a spell of employment with smuggler Cork Dowling, and is now secretly *fiancé* to Miss Lenstead, who shares a photographic interest with Dr. Langford, whose son, Murray, has "a cheery word for everyone" and rescues Valerie when she steers her bicycle ("Golly, I *am* being a bother") into a pond, if you follow me. Also prominent is Christine Masters, whose Aunt Cynthia is proprietress of the Half Moon Restaurant ("Aunt Cynthia never serves, as you know").

> Last summer, Christine had deliberately damaged Wynne Carter's violin ten minutes before she was due to compete before Sir Miles and Lady Craig and other school governors for the much-coveted Trocambria Trophy. . . . Accomplished violinist as Wynne Carter was, being robbed of her beloved instrument at the last moment was a blow from which she was unable to recover.

Valerie, wrongly accused of blabbing to Miss Vaughan, has to parade in a sandwich-board with SNEAK on it, while the Fourth Form recites "Here comes Valerie, Sneak of the School, the girl who broke the Golden Rule," after which trying experience Valerie blubs in the Marie Curie dorm ("She *is* taking it badly") and has to be calmed with cocoa. Did Valerie compete for the Trocambria Trophy? Of course. "Miss Waller gave her a chord" and off she went into Wieniawski's *Légende*, raising it from "the corporeal to the spiritual level," after which, Lord (apparently) Craig leapt over the Judges' Table, and Valerie, "physically and emotionally spent," slumped forward in a dead faint, Miss Whiting ("Fish" to the girls) looking sharp with the smelling salts.

Theo and her Secret Societies finds us at Blair Court on the south coast with June Surtees, Sandra Matlock, Cherry Heskwith, and Miss Bellows, Miss Batt and Miss Darkaritt. There is a good deal of hockey under Mrs. Kyre ("Pax! Pax! I can do no more"), study beanos ("That was scrumptious cocoa, Kath"), some forbidden night outings ("I'll drift up to bed earlyish and put a bolster in") and the Drama Comp. with Candy Hoskins in pale sea-green net with a very full ballet-length skirt ("H'm, sounds lovely") and little Alyth Boone as Puck. The new girl, Theo Fleet, finds it all rather tame but she starts a Dare Club and there are other exciting wheezes:

> "We could be pixies in the house and get up early to do things when everyone was asleep," suggested Janet hesitatingly.
>
> They all turned to her with their eyes alight.
>
> "The very thing!" cried Theo.

Theo has some ups and downs in popularity but eventually wins through ("One of the day girls offered her an open packet of potato crisps").

Two Girls and a Boat takes us into an east coast yachting world where Babs visits Jill who has got "a simply gorgeous little dinghy" and knows all about gudgeons, pintles, sail tiers and how to rig a new backstay. Similarly well informed are Lady Alicia Bloggs, in a tight-fitting yellow jumper and puce velveteen slacks, and a mysterious refugee Pole called Anton Wladislauw who lost his way in Colchester. A flash of gold teeth, a black beard, and here is a member of the secret police, Feodor Zabrowski, up to no good:

> "Hah!" yapped the visitor. "I wish to buy a yacht. There is yachts to sell here, no?"
>
> "No," said Jill.
>
> "Pssht!" said the man disgustedly—

and with a final "Tcha!" he goes off to try his luck in Mersea. Lady Bloggs takes the girls sailing and is ready with "We'll goosewing the jib" in between shrieks of "Lee-oh!" and "Port gun'l." Meanwhile, Zabrowski is seen behaving oddly in Clacton, Babs gets photographic instruction from Bill ("You are inclined to over-expose") and Anton's brother, Stefan, dives into the sea from a passing liner. "Urr-humph" says Jill's father towards the end. Yes, indeed.

In *The New Girl at Melling* (colours: green and gold), the headmistress, Miss Pickering, is described as being nervous and tenderhearted and is inclined to doodle on her blotting-pad, which really will not do *at all*. However, there is the music mistress, Miss Killegan, who plays "New every morning is the love" at prayers, with her golden gypsy earrings swinging to the rhythm, and winds up with a sonata "which she did not know very well": when not at the keyboard she tends to appear in a duffle coat and tartan trousers. Musical Anne Laurence (the coloured jacket shows her seated lovingly at a gigantic walnut Bechstein) falls foul of the maths mistress, cardigan-swathed Miss Saunders, and is sent to the library to write out fifty times "I must try to control my disgusting rudeness." Then, her mind awhirl with impots and music ("I played the Mozart this evening, you know"), she is discovered sleep-walking (see illustration) in her blue 'jamas. However, she is herself again after some chromatic scales ("Just stop a mo and hear me play the Beethoven"), and in no time

at all is playing the Purcell to Sir Stephen Pearce, fresh from the Proms and all attention: "You've got something out of the ordinary, you know. Something in the touch—the feel. Can't analyse it, but it's there."

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Truth and Thrills

The Silver Kingdom. By RICHARD GARNETT. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Target Island. By BRUCE CARTER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Silver Sword. By IAN SERRAILLIER. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Griff and Tommy. By JOHN GRIFFITHS. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Choristers' Cake. By WILLIAM MAYNE. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Elephants of Sargabal. By RENÉ GUILLOT. Translated by GWEN MARSH. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Animal Doctor. By LAURENCE MEYNELL. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Gates of Bannerdale. By GEOFFREY TREASE. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Adventures of Dick Varley. By IAN SERRAILLIER. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Jungle Adventure. By IAN SERRAILLIER. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Boys' books: does the phrase still conjure up memories of reprinted serials from *The Captain* and *The Boys' Own Paper*? It shouldn't any longer, for, as the stories listed above show—my choice from about thirty looked at—the range of books for boys is now enormously wider than it was when we were young; and though the old patterns remain they do not dominate. New ones have emerged. The most conventional of these stories are, I suppose, *The Silver Kingdom* and *Target Island*. Mr. Garnett's tale is of a secret drawer in an old desk and a treasure-hunt; but the treasure-hunt is in the sea off the coast of Cornwall, and that makes all the difference. I did not feel Mr. Garnett was entirely interested in his story, but the undersea world as seen by the finned goggle-diver with his aqualung is magical and enchanting. *Target Island*, a story of runaway children, adventures in a small yacht and shipwreck on a deserted if not desert island, has its difference, too. Though I am not sure that it would convince children, it is done with great spirit—a "rattling good yarn," in fact; but the whole issue of the story is strictly contemporary, and it is written to be enjoyed by girls as well as boys. Adventure seems no longer to be a monotonously masculine business.

In life it never was; and Mr. Serraillier goes very much to life for his story in *The Silver Sword*, which relates the odyssey of three Polish children in search of their parents during and after the war. Mr. Serraillier is an artist; he writes an excellent simple prose. I found his story, which is never allowed to become sensational, very moving. But most of these books lean heavily on life as commonly lived and observed. *Griff and Tommy* may not be written with any great distinction, but everything that happens to its young heroes springs quite naturally out of the facts of life in a South Wales mining village. Mr. Griffiths's success is indicated by the fact that from time to time he reminds one, however faintly, of *Tom Sawyer* if not of *Huckleberry Finn*.

Choristers' Cake is a book of genuine distinction. "Pure joy," said the Archbishop of Canterbury of Mr. Mayne's last book, and how happy one is to be able to agree with so eminent an authority on literature and joy. Mr. Mayne's scene is a cathedral choir school, which he obviously knows inside out, and he knows boys too. Indeed, I doubt whether one side of the boyhood of a certain kind of boy has ever been better done. I say "a certain kind" advisedly, and that perhaps suggests what may be a limiting factor in Mr. Mayne's success. I have the feeling that only pretty sophisticated children are going to enjoy him—yours no doubt, but I'm not so sure of mine. All the same, I have a suspicion that Mr. Mayne is probably going to become something of a cult among clever boys in the more civilised prep. schools and I can see him influencing a whole generation. The ultimate moral may be the same—"Let each forget himself, boys, and play to win the game," as we sang in my school song—but nothing could be more different from the traditional school story than Mr. Mayne's, or less hearty. But the detailed evocation of life in a choir school is fascinating and delightful.

The Elephants of Sargabal is a more obvious exotic, but, like most children's books, it shows the child, or the boy, in command of the situation, untrammelled by adults. The hero is an elephant boy who, as it were, goes wild and escapes to the jungles, where he joins up with other "wild" children before he goes on to rescue and restore to her throne the beautiful Princess Narayana. But the real theme of the story is the jungle and the animals that live in it, the young hero Ajmil's friends. Again a work of distinction, magical and romantic; but not, I suspect again, for every boy.

Animal Doctor and *The Gates of Bannerdale* seem to go together. Both, in a sense, are documentaries: one is aware, though in no unpalatable way, of the pill beneath the jam. Mr. Meynell's novel is in the excellent "Oxford Career Books" and describes the training and the work of a veterinary surgeon. The hero I thought an unnecessarily dull young man; does the heart quicken to the steady plodder, worthy though he is? But his story is told with skill and considerable invention, and with a wealth of fascinating detail about animals and their owners. I was less happy about Mr. Trease's novel. It sets out—again

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Who first climbed the Matterhorn?

Who was known as: The Queen of Hearts; The Knight without fear and without reproach; Tumbledown Dick; John Lackland; The wisest fool in Christendom; The Young Pretender; The Little Corporal; The Grand Old Man; The Lady of the Lamp?

Between which towns does the Irish mail run? Why is it so-called?

Who lived: On a Pillar; In a tub; In a house made from a boat; At Haworth Parsonage; At 221b Baker Street?

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'A lively tale that will appeal to the majority of young people who are fond of an exciting historical novel.'—WESTERN MAIL *Illus. 8s. 6d.*

Meriol Trevor
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A fine imaginative story of people who live on the moon. *Illustrated 9s. 6d.*

Judith Masefield
Holiday
'Another of the author's delightful Irish tales, which cheerfully takes the young reader all the way from a day at the races to an encounter with a Merlad.'—GLASGOW HERALD *Illus. 8s. 6d.*

PICTURE BOOKS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

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The world-famous artist and designer here tells in words and pictures the story of a bull who turned into vegetables. *8s. 6d.*

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Rosemary Hoyland
A new Ethelbert book with 16 colour plates, 'ideal for children just beginning to read.'
—OBSERVER. *10s. 6d.*

The Country Bunny
Du Bose Heyward and Marjorie Flack
This classic picture story from America is introduced for the first time to British readers. Many colour illustrations. *10s. 6d*

COLLINS

in a semi-documentary spirit—to recount the life of an Oxford undergraduate at the present time; and so long as it is content to do just that it is very good indeed. The hero, who tells his own story, is not from a public school but a scholarship boy from a Northern grammar-school. All that is excellent. But Mr. Trease has to provide a plot, to have his hero solve the mystery of the college silver; and, much more serious, he provides a romantic interest: girl has to go to Oxford for love of the hero. This seemed to me very unconvincing; as indeed it was bound to be. "Kingsford," the hero remarks of his headmaster, "has always been old-fashioned about girls." Perhaps I am, too. But if you can't—as I assume—deal with love in any real sense in books for children, why make sketchy gestures in that direction? And a purely trivial point: do young gentlemen who aspire towards high office in the Oxford Union, "run for President?"

We come back to Mr. Serraillier but not to Mr. Serraillier only. *The Adventures of Dick Varley* and *Jungle Adventure* are "based on" our old friends *The Dog Crusoe* and *Martin Rattler* respectively. They are designed, as an accompanying letter states, "for the many slower readers who have outgrown childish stories but whose reading capacity does not match their years." A very laudable notion, and Mr. Serraillier seems to have done his job well. But by the same token, they are very suitable for young boys whose reading capacity more than matches their years. Which is how I propose to use them.

WALTER ALLEN

History in Strong Colours

The Shield Ring. By ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Black Tower. By E. K. SETH-SMITH. *Harrap.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Water for London. By AGNES ASHTON. *Epworth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

They Saw It Happen. By C. R. N. ROUTH. *Blackwell.* 15*s.*

We Too Were There. By RHODA POWER. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Sea Rover. By RENÉ GUILLOT. Translated by NORMAN DALE. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Captain of Dragoons. By RONALD WELCH. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Hunted Head. By OLIVIA FITZROY. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Captain of the Discovery. By RODERICK HAIG-BROWN. *Macmillan.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Barbary Pirates. By C. S. FORESTER. *Macdonald.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Sixteen Sail in Aboukir Bay. By STEPHANIE PLOWMAN. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Graf Spee. By MICHAEL POWELL. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15*s.*

This year's batch of historical books for children offers a wide choice. Some authors have taken merely their period setting from history, freely inventing characters and incidents; others, especially those whose subject-matter is naval history, have followed the evidence much more faithfully. And in Mr. Routh's book we have extracts from the evidence itself. The settings vary widely: the Lake District, Scotland, London, the Mediterranean and a voyage of circumnavigation; but only Mr. Welch takes us into western Europe. The boom in shipping noticed last year continues, but tough brutality, also prominent last year, is fortunately in disfavour. The Navy comes out particularly well this year. Mr. Haig-Brown shows it as an instrument of discovery and research; Miss Plowman's Captain Le Breton discusses Shakespeare and Homer with his midshipmen; Mr. Powell commends the Royal Navy's prose as "everything that the purists demand and seldom achieve"; and Mr. Forester optimistically ends his books by referring to the permanent achievement of peace and security in the Mediterranean, the work of "the armed forces of all the world, united in the cause of justice and decency."

In *The Shield Ring* Rosemary Sutcliff imagines a resistance movement of Norse settlers holding out in the Lake District after the Norman Conquest. It is a carefully constructed and elaborately written story, faithful to the temper and overfaithful to the language of the Norse epics. Older children with imagination are likely to enjoy this, especially if they know the country. Those who do not share what W. P. Ker called "the Norse intolerance of tame expression" will find that the impetus of the story carries them over the more ornate passages of description. *The Black Tower* is an old-fashioned, unsophisticated story of two children of distinguished but mysterious parents. They are taken from their foster-parents, imprisoned in a tower, escape to win the sympathy of the boy King and are menaced throughout by a wicked duke. The dialogue is freely spattered with "i'faith," "by the Mass," "by my troth" and "I trow." The children are not, as the writer of the blurb originally supposed, the princes in the Tower, but Jasper and Edmund Tudor. "Forsooth and forsooth," Henry VI says of the children, "if they fall into the duke's hands he will never let them go." Those who know the conventions will be not disappointed; but there should be more of the wicked duke. Agnes Ashton bases her *Water for London* on Sir Hugh Myddelton's construction of the New River which solved the problem of London's water supply in the reign of James I—an excellent subject. Miss Ashton has taken trouble over the details; she brings the children into her account very plausibly; and she writes simply and effectively. Some boys would welcome more engineering details.

They Saw It Happen consists of eighty-seven carefully edited extracts from the sources for English history, 1485–1688, and though it has an introduction by the Headmaster of Eton, it ought not to be regarded as just a school book. There are many eyewitness accounts of dramatic events: the burning of Cranmer, the murder of Rizzio, Gunpowder Plot, battles of the Civil War, the Great Fire of London and the flight of James II. And there is much admirably chosen material on social and intellectual history; travellers' accounts of England, a report of the dissolution of Glastonbury Abbey and Aubrey's picture of William Harvey. Mr. Routh has shown great skill in his selection and in his tactful and helpful editing. Rhoda Power's *We Too Were There* also aims at giving her readers the sense of historical actuality, but she has devised her own imaginary eyewitness accounts; for the younger readers, this is preferable. Her ten scenes range from the draining of the Fens in the seventeenth century to the Great Trek of the Boers in the 1830s. Each is beautifully presented, with an exceptional range of sympathy, insight and literary skill. Most of her themes are of economic change and social reform, though there is a brilliant seven-page sketch of the Welsh buccaneer, Henry Morgan.

Most boys will enjoy René Guillot's adventure story of Breton privateers in the early eighteenth century, *The Sea Rover*, distinguished for the freshness of its writing which survives in translation, and for a convincing central character, the orphan boy Shrimp. Ronald Welch, who made his name with two first-class historical novels on the Middle Ages, has moved on to Marlborough's campaigns for his *Captain of Dragoons*. It is an exciting, quickly moving story of skirmishes, spying, duelling, an escape from the Bastille, high strategy and the battle of Blenheim. The hero, Captain Carey, "one of the finest blades in Europe," is disagreeably priggish, but the snuff-taking Mr. Pettigrew is most enjoyable. Mr. Welch takes his usual trouble with the historical background, but not quite as successfully as in his earlier works. In

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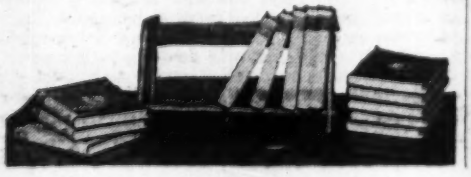

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EILEEN COLWELL

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The Hunted Head Olivia Fitzroy places her story in western Scotland after the failure of the '45 at Culloden. Castle Carrick is in the charge of Fiona, the eldest of the Stewart children, and it is she and her brother who take an urgent message to Prince Charles. It could easily have been a piece of sentimental Jacobitism, but Miss Fitzroy manages it very effectively. She knows and describes the country well; the characters are firmly and sensibly drawn; and she brings out the disillusioned determination of the older men in contrast to the excited enthusiasm of the children.

Both *Captain of the Discovery* and *The Barbary Pirates* are straightforward accounts. The subject of the first is Captain George Vancouver, who sailed on Captain Cook's last two voyages and who led his own voyage of exploration, charting the north-west coast of America from California to Kodiak Island. The second is the story of the foundation of the U.S. Navy and its slow reduction of the Barbary Pirates during the period of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. Both are clearly, sensibly and fairly written, without unnecessary heroics: both need better maps.

Sixteen Sail in Aboukir Bay is the best of a good naval collection. Richard Carlesse joins the Navy at the age of ten in 1790 and ends his story with the victory of Aboukir Bay in 1798, most of his service being in the Mediterranean with Nelson. Miss Plowman knows her material well, and it is almost impossible to be dull about Nelson and his actions. But she endows the s ory with great vivacity by telling it through Richard Carlesse, and his candid comments on allies, admirals and the Army give the book unusual spontaneity and verve. In *Graf Spee* Michael Powell draws on the knowledge he gained when directing the film on the Battle of the River Plate; but he designed the book as an adventure story, not an historical document. It is written with great skill and competence, and gains greatly by interweaving the manœuvres of the diplomats in Montevideo with the manœuvres and action at sea. The rapid cutting from ship to shore and from ship to ship is sometimes confusing; but it is immensely readable and vivid.

J. O. PRESTWICH

Crystallisations

Mary, Queen of Scots. By EMILY HAHN. *Macdonald.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Queen Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada. By FRANCES WINWAR. *Macdonald.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Daughter of the Desert. By JOSEPHINE KAMM. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Doctor Alone. By PEGGY CHAMBERS. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Day Before Yesterday. Edited by NOEL STREATFEILD. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Changing the World. By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

One of the developments of our times for which our children will, one hopes, be grateful, is the appearance of well-written biographies for the young. In my school library I remember nothing of the sort beyond the Strickland sisters' many-volumed *Lives of the Queens of England*, which was indeed a treasure and remains a splendid quarry where script-writers and biographers of royal ladies still remuneratively dig. But even Miss Strickland was daunting, by reason of her sombre binding and her size; she was not an author to take behind the tennis-court.

Now, however, numerous publishers have sensibly realised that intelligent teen-agers (and if anyone can suggest an exact substitute for this revolting term I shall be glad to hear of it) are a wide and voracious public, and have set about supplying them with short attractive biographies by good writers. All six books here considered are well produced, pleasant to handle, and fairly modest in price. They are not, perhaps, within pocket-money range, but are easily within the reach of junior libraries, and are so nicely got up that they would not disgrace even a Christmas stocking. More, they are so well written and consequently easy to read that I can see them being eagerly borrowed by parents. There is something very restful about a biography directed at the thoughtful fourteen-year-old, which kindly explains all the points which educated grown-ups have to pretend they know already.

Take, for example, Emily Hahn's short life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Miss Hahn is one of those enviable writers who cannot write a dull word if they try; she is constitutionally lively, and here she has one of history's cloak-and-dagger stories. She is obviously fond of Mary Stuart, but unlike many of that unhappy lady's partisans, is careful to be scrupulously fair to Queen Elizabeth. She seems to me to have an exceptionally happy knack of relating a piece of history in a manner at once dignified and amusing, so that all the salient facts are there, while at the same time there is a great feeling of vigour and liveliness. ("'So,' thought Mary,—apropos of Elizabeth's passing notion of marrying her off conveniently to Lord Robert Dudley—'Dudley isn't good enough for Elizabeth, but he is quite good enough for me. If she thinks she can pass on her old lovers to me, she is badly mistaken!'") I began to read the book one morning and, like George Smith with the manuscript of *Jane Eyre*, read it straight through lunch and supper and stayed up until it was finished. It has invitingly large print and is tolerably well illustrated; indeed the only criticism one can make is of the coloured jacket, in uninhibited book-of-the-film style, which lets it down rather badly.

A companion volume, also well done though necessarily less immediately romantic, is Miss Frances Winwar's *Queen Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada*. This has the advantage of being sympathetically illustrated with no visible offences against accuracy, and if it has not quite the sparkle which is Miss Hahn's preserve, it is still extremely readable and attractive.

"I do not think," says Noel Streatfeild in *The Day Before Yesterday*, "respect in the sense it was felt fifty years ago exists today. There is plenty of respect about, but now it is for achievement, then I think it was for position." Largely true; and achievement is very properly the theme of many of the present crop of junior biographies, of which Josephine Kamm's *Daughter of the Desert*, a life of Gertrude Bell, is one of the best. In some ways this is rather a grown-up book; if it were not for the neatly inserted bits of necessary information and the total absence of padding and stodge, one might not think it was aimed at the schoolroom shelf; it would be wasted, perhaps, on anyone under sixteen. It is beautifully done; a stimulating account of a wonderful life, lived to the full in the enjoyment of every social, intellectual and material advantage. No one can have enjoyed their life more than Gertrude Bell did, or have indulged more successfully a taste for learning, adventure and all sorts of strangeness. It would be difficult to read this skilfully compressed biography without being drawn irresistibly on to the letters of Gertrude Bell as a natural sequel. *A Doctor Alone*, Peggy Chambers's account of Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman doctor, is slightly harder going; it is a painful story, and reads in places like a martyrdom, which in a sense it was; but rewarding to the older schoolgirl with an interest in medicine.

Miss Noel Streatfeild's new book is not, strictly speaking, biography; it is a helping of social history, served up by a member of appropriate and experienced hands. It is the England of fifty years ago, described by a one-time teacher, a nanny, a miner (Jack Jones), a cook, a debutante (Lady Cynthia Asquith), a canal-boat boy (a very old man with a real Mayhew flavour), a suffragette, a soldier and a number of others. Occasionally Miss Streatfeild, who links the stories together in a discursive way, is carried away by the feeling of social progress. "At the beginning of the century," she tells her young readers, "there were

Once inside the palace, he made straight for the throne-room, and found the Prime Minister wearing his crown, at quite the wrong angle. It tilted so far over the eyes that Stephen Rex was able to approach unnoticed.
'I'm back,' he announced in the ministerial ear.

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But soon a grinding of heavy iron-shod wheels announced the approach of the Spencers in their great, red-wheeled chariot waggon.

Cynthia Harnett, author of *The Woolpack*, winner of the Carnegie Medal, chooses the time of Mary Tudor for her new book, **Stars of Fortune**. Her story, which she illustrates herself, is that of the lively family of Laurence Washington, ancestor of George Washington. **15s**

We had to put on our Wellington boots and push it down the drive in the rain to start it, splashing our way through puddles.

Good mystery stories for young people are rare, but Mrs. Dorothy Wait in **The Wanted Man**, provides plenty of surprises. Her story, set in the Wiltshire Downs, concerns a cheerful, ordinary family in pursuit of a missing pony, a stolen necklace and an escaped convict. The illustrations are by Mary Gernat. **11s 6d**

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'If you have ever longed to inhabit the back-stage world of the theatre *The Cabin at Bartonbridge* is certainly your book.'—*Homes and Gardens.*

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class distinctions, kept up and believed in by all walks of life. . . . Today, when there is no difference between the clothes of a royal child and the child of a dustman, it seems incredible, but it is a fact." Well, well; I know what she means, if I don't quite share her degree of social optimism; simplification is notoriously misleading. But this is my only quibble, for the book is absorbing, and daughters will be fortunate who do not lose it entirely to their mothers.

Lastly, there is another of Mrs. Williams-Ellis's admirable little collections of potted scientific biographies. Now, she *does* know how to simplify, without once losing the sharp edges of what she has to tell. It is an art: by a manner at once lucid and conversational she even makes nuclear physics seem comprehensible.

MARGARET LANE

Looking Backward

Puzzle of the Past. By RONALD JESSUP. *Rathbone Books.* 15*s.*

The Story of Archaeology. By AGNES ALLEN. *Faber.* 15*s.*

A Book of Dolls. By G. WHITE. *Black.* 14*s.*

A Picture History of Motoring. By L. T. C. ROLT. *Hulton.* 30*s.*

A Picture History of Railways. By C. HAMILTON ELLIS. *Hulton.* 30*s.*

Great Moments in Flying. By JOHN W. R. TAYLOR. *Phœnix.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Wings over the Atlantic. By ROBERT J. HOARE. *Phœnix.* 15*s.*

The True Book about the Atlantic. By WARREN ARMSTRONG. *Muller.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The True Book about the Steam Engine. By F. E. DEAN. *Muller.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Boys' Book of Boats. By MAJOR-GENERAL R. N. STEWART. *Chambers.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The True Book about Cowboys. By ROSS SALMON. *Muller.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Great Moments in Exploration. By KENNETH HOPKINS. *Phœnix.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Is the future going out of fashion? Perspex goldfish-bowls are no longer worn, but Davy Crockett hats should see the winter out. Archaeology will soon be the most popular science. *Puzzle of the Past* is a most appetising introduction: with 72 enormous pages, each covered with coloured illustrations, it is extraordinary value at the inexplicable price of only fifteen shillings. It succeeds brilliantly in conveying what ancient artifacts from all over the world looked like. There is so much to dazzle the eye, so many diagrams, each explaining something different, that unless the book is absorbed slowly one may not grasp what archaeology is *about*—but it is churlish to complain of a surfeit. The appetite for the past thus whetted, one can go on to *The Story of Archaeology*, a quieter and less ostentatious work, which firmly establishes its first principles and then goes on lucidly and tidily to teach one thing at a time. It has fewer pictures and is no cheaper, but it is a better book.

The glamour of the past has begun to affect toys. As yet no one seems to be making reproduction antique dolls, though by far the most attractive in Gwen White's *A Book of Dolls* come from ancient Egypt or eighteenth-century England, and the author (who draws agreeable pictures, but *will* use the historic present) illustrates but deplores the latest plastic horror with its well-simulated natural functions. The makers of miniature cars, however, have turned to the past and are producing veteran motors three inches long. I hope that soon we may have veteran pedal-cars and veteran model trains. There are excellent models for both in two splendid books, each containing more than 400 illustrations, *A Picture History of Motoring* and *A Picture History of Railways*, which are aimed at the experts (the tweedy target of *Lilliput* and the Anglican clergy respectively) but will appeal nonetheless to the many younger readers of almost equal expertise. Both evoke pioneering ages. There has been nothing since quite so glamorous as the Edwardian cars or Victorian trains.

The *Great Moments in Flying* span from the Wright brothers to the breaking of the sound barrier. The greatest of all these moments was not the jets or the story of "First of the Few" Mitchell, but the first flight across the Atlantic in 1919, when Hawker and Raynham survived ditching half-way across, and Alcock and Brown flew eighteen hundred miles exposed to weather that almost froze up their engines. This heroic age of flight is more amply treated in a better and less scrappy book, *Wings Over the Atlantic*, and touched on in *The True Book about the Atlantic*, such a pot-pourri of facts that it is a little indigestible. *The True Book about the Steam Engine* is more readable, the facts are better organised but are no less thick on the ground. In *The Boys' Book of Boats* they are garnished with a little sauce, like those instructive Victorian primers in which Uncle Robert takes one from the farm through the mill to the bakery and explains the utility of each part that helps to make our daily bread—but ponderously brought up to date, with adventures between lessons. *The True Book about Cowboys*, on the other hand, can be heartily recommended. The author runs a ranch on Dartmoor, so he never forgets that a cowboy's business is to herd cows, not to shoot Red Indians. He makes a most interesting story, full of lively information about the methods and the tools they use not only in Texas but also in the Argentine plains, the jungles of Colombia and the Australian outback. Ross Salmon writes no better than one would expect a real cowboy to do, but there is no nonsense about him except a faint attempt to pretend that cowboys were exemplary characters.

The episodes in *Great Moments in Exploration*, very well written, but, like the rest of the series, indifferently illustrated, range from Marco Polo to Alain Gheerbrant. These are snapshots of tragic, heroic and even comic moments; Kenneth Hopkins could write another dozen of these little books without exhausting the subject. I hope he will do so, and by that time exploration, which still looks ahead, may have new moments to offer from the Matto Grosso or Antarctica—or even from space-pioneers in Perspex goldfish-bowls.

RICHARD GARNETT

The Genuine Thing

Fairy Tales from Many Lands. Edited by H. HERDA. *Thames & Hudson.* 25*s.*

The Well at the World's End. By N. and W. MONTGOMERIE. *Hogarth.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Tales from the Arabian Nights. Retold by SHIRLEY GOULDEN. *W. H. Allen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Perkin the Pedlar. By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

New Tales for Old. By AGNES CAMPBELL. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Myths and Legends of China. By E. T. C. WERNER. *Harrap.* 18*s.*

Read any of these books and you will soon see why it is so difficult to imitate the genuine folk fairy tale. Sensitive, cultured adults, living with a child or two in Hampstead or the Home Counties, are simply not equipped for it. These tales are the daydream and the wish of the simple, earthbound and poor, with no quick means of altering their condition; and they have great power. They do not deal in morals, emotions or logic. The allowances made for the frailty of the human will are almost cynical: no Calvinist should have these stories in the house. But though they can be brutal, even brutish, they have a kind of rough justice about them which cannot fail to appeal. Luck gets you further than learning—unless it is the study of magic, which is really the same thing. Ugliness is bad. And yet, just as every fat man

Brock Books

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Joy Harington

'. . . The book is a triumph . . . it seems to me to show a profound and exact knowledge of the New Testament text . . . I do not know any book . . . which makes Jesus live so vividly . . .' *–Leslie Weatherhead*

12/6

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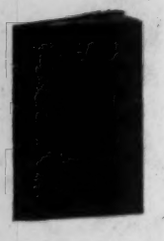

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(we have been told) conceals a thin, so every poor man conceals a rich, every good plain girl a belle, every toad a prince, every beggar a king. Go along the road, eyes to the ground like a poor man or a child; at once you know that everywhere to hand lies a talisman, a bird or stone, a frog or crone, ready to give you all the wishes in the world, and sort the lentils from the ashes into the bargain.

Practically all of these elements, and a few more, may be found in *Fairy Tales from Many Lands*, a handsome volume, 200 pages long, with stories from a dozen European countries. The graceful pictures (one to every page, and all in colour) have a romantic appeal, only once or twice disturbed by a coarse German realism—glutton and boar's head, for instance. Some of the tales have a gentle quality, the beautiful tale of the boy who takes service as a shepherd, the quaint affair of the squirrel whose housekeeper and friend is a mitten. Others, like the Swan Princess, have a reckless poetry: Baba Yaga goes about her business, the huntsman climbs the glass mountain. Others again are more homespun: kitchen business. The horns of Elfland play some curious tunes at times. The Spanish story alone is wholly disagreeable; it is hard to see why it has been included at all.

The Well at the World's End contains 35 folk tales from Scotland and the Orkneys, retold ("reluctantly," the authors admit) in plain southern English. It seems to me a very good little book indeed. Many of the situations are familiar enough in all the European myths, only here they have the salt and homely flavour of the island north, never too far from the croft, hill, heath or sea. There are kings and kings' sons in these regions, but goosegirl and charcoal-burner give place to speywife, washerwife, sealwife, ferryman, mermaid and changeling. One of the best stories, *The Gael and the Bailie's Daughter*, takes us, nevertheless, as far as London.

There are three stories in *Tales from the Arabian Nights*: Aladdin, Ali Baba, and the tale of the Sultan and the Magic Carpet. Perhaps one *should* come first to these famous histories in an edition such as this, a large and lavish book with Cellophane wrapper and numerous oriental-type coloured pictures throughout. This is the land, after all, of robbers' caves, caravans, pedlars, jewels and Viziers; where new lamps are offered for old, and Sesame has nothing to do with aesthetics. The stories are pleasantly told.

The author of *Perkin the Pedlar* is the one native inventor in this group. Miss Farjeon is a variable: she cannot be relied on to keep clear of sentiment—the emotional sort. Yet at her best she is delightful, a proper original; her fairy tales are the very spirit of rustic summer, apple trees, daisied grass, fresh fair smiling girls. *Perkin the Pedlar* (first published in 1932) is Farjeon of the finest vintage. A family of children, named from A to Z, is visited by Perkin, the typical Robin Goodfellow, Herne the Hunter spirit of the Farjeon countryside. He tells them a legend and a poem about some English village for each of the 26 letters. The cover of this happy book, in various pinks and whites, is lusciously pretty. *New Tales for Old* are mainly about two pleasantly unspoilt children Eily and Shauneen, who sail on Lough Neagh in a storm, gather blaeberries on the moor, go nutting, discover that flax becomes linen, and listen to legends of ancient Ireland and to tales of the Little People. The author is an expert storyteller; those who are susceptible to Irishness cannot fail to like this book.

Myths and Legends of China (first published in 1922) is really not for children at all. "My aim," says its author, "has been to set forth in English dress those myths which may be regarded as the accredited representatives of Chinese mythology—those which live in the minds and literature of the people . . . not those which are merely diverting without being typical or instructive." There are many marvels in this book: myths of the stars, the wind, the rain, of epidemics and medicine, of the Eight Immortals, of the fox. There is much that diverts as well: the whole extraordinary history of the Goddess of Mercy, for instance. What is interesting too is the unlikeness between these and western myths. Consider the matter of filial obedience, so vital here, so joyfully flouted there. Or, take this engaging tale:

> An examiner, while correcting essays of candidates, after a superficial scrutiny of one of the essays, put it on one side as manifestly inferior. . . . The essay, moved by some mysterious power, was replaced in front of his eyes, as if to invite him to examine it more attentively. At the same time an old man in a red garment suddenly appeared before him, and by a nod of his head gave him to understand that he should pass the essay. The examiner, surprised at the novelty of the incident and fortified by the approval of his supernatural visitor, admitted the author of the essay to the literary degree. . . .

Such a situation never seems to arise in the northern forests. The book has over 450 pages, and many coloured pictures, garnished well with gold, by Chinese artists. It seems to me very good value at eighteen shillings.

NAOMI LEWIS

Sense and Magic

Then There Were Five. By ELIZABETH ENRIGHT. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Little Boxes. By NAOMI MITCHISON. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

First Performance. By R. E MASTERS. *Macmillan* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Pigeons and Princesses. By JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Emperor of the Moon. By JOAN NORTH *Blzs.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Last Battle. By C. S. LEWIS. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Fiction for children between the ages of about seven to twelve is, this year, wonderfully innocuous. There is nothing frightening or strange about it, nothing that the most anxious parent could object to. The children all come to their meals the minute they are told, except when there is a more-than-satisfactory explanation; they never bother the grown-ups, once warned not to; they are always helpful and never quarrel. There are one or two villains, but only villains of the most straightforward type. Now children themselves are well aware that life is not like this, and although they enjoy the thought of such a virtuous existence it can become nauseous in large doses. Certainly, by the time I had finished the tenth book about good and sensible boys and girls, I could have kicked them all downstairs.

The stories can be separated into two groups: those which include magic and those which do not. In this latter group of realistic or adventure stories, Elizabeth Enright's *Then There Were Five* is the most endearing. She writes about an American family of two boys and two girls who, owing to the illness of the housekeeper's cousin, are left to look after themselves during the summer. The children's characters are not interesting, they are so uniformly worthy, but the things that they do in an idyllic American countryside are. Damming up the river to make a swimming pool, watching a farm burn down in the night, become vivid experiences, so acute is Miss Enright's consciousness of natural things: of sunlight and cold, of mud and food. She misses the tensions that tug and strain in human relationships, but she is highly sensitive to animal perceptions. This is one of the boys watching the dusk creep out of the woods:

> Everything was changing. The two iron deer now looked like proud, pausing, live animals, and when he went into the summer house it was filled with such a mysterious green twilight that he felt very lonely suddenly, and walked out slowly, his neck prickling, and everything about him hurrying except his feet. He would not let them hurry, nor would he let his head turn back to look.

Little Boxes is a quiet, soothing book about a small girl staying on her grandmother's farm in Scotland. It is written with serious elegance.

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HART-DAVIS

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Adventure Stories For Girls

17 exciting long stories. Ages 8-15 years. ". . . outstanding value for the money"—NOTTS. EVENING POST. *Illustrated.* 8/6 net

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Editor: Derek McCulloch ("Uncle Mac")

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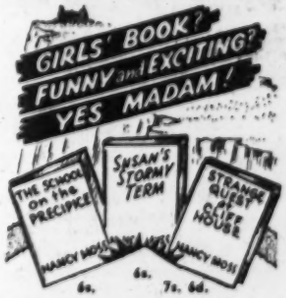

CLIFF House School is somewhat unsatisfactorily situated: "The last fall of cliff took an acre or so of ground down with it." However, on the limited remaining terrain a great deal happens. Thanks to one or two of its brave (if half-starved) pupils it is consistently saved from collapse despite the headmistress's brother, who takes steps to dynamite the school premises and collect the insurance money. Tipping is by gobstopper, and wickedness by the black sheep who smoke scented cigarettes as a screen when they are nervous.

The School on the Precipice and *Susan's Stormy Term* were both singled out for especial praise by Arthur Marshall in the "New Statesman." In a survey of the year's somewhat ordinary output of 'Juveniles' he said: "From those criticisms, *The School on the Precipice* must be most honourably excepted. This is the real thing."

Order *Strange Quest at Cliff House* and the others from your bookseller now.

CHAMBERS
6, DEAN ST., W.1

The grandmother's knowledge, her mild irritation, and her contrition relating to Sally are expressed with a subtlety that every child will understand. While helping on the farm, Sally gradually fills her little boxes with treasures: marbles for dragons' eggs, shells, velvet with bobbles along the edge. She is an immaculate granddaughter, only a tiny bit too good to be true.

First Performance is the best mystery story I could find. Three children, a scruffy dog and a refugee are involved in the discovery and loss of an unknown Mozart symphony. The excitement is sustained as crooks race across Paris and are burnt up in their own car, or as the scruffy dog races across the Yorkshire moors with a call for help tied to his collar. It is a simple thriller, with information about music thrown tactfully in to give it educational value.

Where magic is concerned James Reeves is far and away the best writer in this collection. He knows how to tell a fairy story without coyness, or any effort to translate it into modern terms. *Pigeons and Princesses* contains five stories, "The Discontented King" and "Little Monday" being first class. Ardizzone has decorated the book with his charming, atmospheric drawings, whose humour is always a little grave and whose sensibility is worthy of a child's. This is the book I would choose for myself. More modern and more whimsey is *Emperor of the Moon*: a fanciful, fantastic tale which glitters with a slightly false energy, like artificial jewellery. Two children set out on a quest and meet a variety of curious creatures and people. A poetic prince explains with a nonchalance typical of Joan North's style,

> There is a lot of questing done in this part of the world. I'm on one myself. It's surprising how many of them lead to the Emperor's door. He's such an energetic Enchanter. Drops spells about everywhere.

Coming fresh to C. S. Lewis's children's books, I found *The Last Battle* the most extraordinary conglomeration of ideas I have ever come across in childish fiction. There is a curious hierarchy topped by a lion god called Aslan, then there comes a man king, a unicorn, talking animals and non-talking animals, a centaur, dwarfs, two modern children and Monopods—and if you haven't read the others, it all seems too complicated. There is a tough battle between two races called Colormenes and Narnians, in which the children help with their Scout lore. All this comes after a railway crash in which the children have already been killed. At the end the scene shifts over from the dream world to England; only, as a faun explains, "You are now looking at the England within England, the real England, just as this is the real Narnia. And in that inner England no good thing is destroyed."

I felt that I was missing secret allusions on every page, that there must be a code to so complicated and highly strung a romance, and that only really intellectual children would want to puzzle it out. But for those already at home in Narnia, it might all appear quite different.

ANNABEL FARJEON

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ALL ILLUSTRATED

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DENT

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The Tiger who went to the Moon. By NANCY SPAIN. *Parrish.* 7s. 6d.

The Little Red Engine and the Rocket. By DIANA ROSS and LESLIE WOOD. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

Fish Head. By JEAN FRITZ and MARC SIMONT. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

The Animals at Number Eleven. By DORIS RUST and SHIRLEY HUGHES. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

The Big Wave. By PEARL BUCK and ASTRID WALFORD. *Methuen.* 11s. 6d.

Roof-top World. By ERIK HUTCHINSON and ALAN HOWARD. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

Theodore Turtle. By ELLEN MACGREGOR and PAUL GALDONE. *Faber.* 9s. 6d.

Polly the Giant's Bride. By CATHERINE STORR and MARJORIE ANN WATTS. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

The Fairy Doll. By RUMER GODDEN and ADRIENNE ADAMS. *Macmillan.* 9s. 6d.

A Picture History of Canada. By CLARKE HUTTON. *Oxford.* 12s. 6d.

Tim All Alone. By EDWARD ARDIZZONE. *Oxford.* 10s. 6d.

From this season's crop of books for the young it would appear that Nigel Molesworth has got Christopher Robin on the run. Shapeless things from Space are landing in definitely U London Squares, and juvenile Sci. Fic. boasts an unmistakable Kensington accent. No doubt the publishers, alarmed by the soaring costs of book production, have worked it all out down to the last farthing, and are cunningly calculating that full employment means fond and snobbish parents of horror comic addicts can now well afford half a guinea or fifteen bob for handsomely got-up classy horrors, since their former highbrow clients, now sunk into the lower-income group, are hurrying to Woolworths to invest in the classics for a mere three-and-sixpence. (*Jane Eyre, Lorna Doone, Silas Marner, Kidnapped*—the lot, and all in good clear print, good stiff binding, good big size and unabridged.

The Tiger who went to the Moon is archly space-conscious and as full of references to TV and refrigerators as a hire-purchase advertisement. *The Little Red Engine and the Rocket*, however, is a gallant attempt to take the fright out of activity in the cosmic ray regions, aided by delightful illustrations and everyone doing his duty, even the animals, who volunteer for experimental purposes; no damage is incurred whatsoever. In *Fish Head*, on the other hand, life on the American waterfront is presented in Bowery language and neither animal nor human is spared. A horribly sadistic, snarling, scratchy psychopathic story of a deprived American cat, appropriately illustrated by savagely crude postery pictures. For very tough Annies indeed.

For such old-fashioned households as still associate cats with proffered saucers of milk rather than hurled missiles, *The Animals at Number Eleven* is a pleasantly meandering story just right for reading aloud to the very young on wet afternoons. *Roof-top World*, also about a cat, gets top marks for its refreshing reality and outstandingly handsome illustrations. This is a non-whimsy contemporary tale about life on the city tiles, and the heroine is a trimly dressed caretaker's daughter. One very small carp: Wouldn't the caretaker's family sitting-room have been a *trifle* more lace-curtained and crowded-mantelpiecey?

All parents will thank Pearl Buck for tackling the big question of death in exactly the right way. *The Big Wave* is about two families of poor peasant children on a volcanic Japanese island, and is written with such crystal honesty that it is impossible not to be both moved and comforted in reading it. Just what can a child do whose parents and home have been destroyed by a natural calamity? Just how can life be lived under constant threat from a volcano? There is a fine rhythm in this story as of the sea itself as Jiya, the bereaved little boy, grows into a gentle, manly adult and comes to terms with Nature as she is. A-plus for this book, of which the only possible criticism is that the curiously ineffective illustrations are unworthy of the fine story. Why not real Japanese woodcuts?

Whimsy is more difficult to bring off than walking on eggshells. By being absolutely matter-of-fact, *Theodore Turtle* succeeds nicely in this comfortable tale of an absent-minded American bachelor turtle living in a well-furnished clapboard house: charming illustrations, and children will certainly enjoy the delicious details. English whimsy, without such an authentic homespun background, has to tread more carefully. *Polly the Giant's Bride* is an engaging account of a perfectly normal little girl playing on the seashore one fine day who unwittingly becomes the betrothed of a giant. Slightly macabre, though, of course, all ends well. I must confess that I, for one, felt that the giant (depicted as more like the Piltdown man than the usual ogre in pantomime tights) had a raw deal. There are pleasantly subtle drawings in black and white. *The Fairy Doll*, with its impeccable moral, is a pretty and sentimental tale adorned by suitably delicate pictures, and is commended for very little girls.

There is a lot to be said for artists writing their own books. Clarke Hutton's *Picture History of Canada* is related simply and at a good, brisk pace, and it finds room for such piquant aspects of Canadian economy as quilting-parties and husking-bees. Beginning with primitive Asiatics creeping in via Siberia thousands of years ago, it ends with eagle-eyed bush-pilots on reconnaissance flights over heat-glazed summer forests, keeping a look-out for signs of fire. It is illustrated in colour on every page, with great attention to accuracy, though the Redskins are not quite so well handled as the Palefaces and there is a tendency to overshade—the only danger in using lithography for book illustration. The best book of all is undoubtedly *Tim All Alone*. Heaven be praised for Edward Ardizzone, whose affinity with Rowlandson could not be happier nor more contemporary. How comfortingly English are these cool skies and windy harbours. No slop, no ricketty whimsy, no shoddiness of thought or brush mar this lovely book, wherein every child, every sailor, pub, tree, car, street, plate and cup leaps to life. And three cheers for Tim, who has good manners and never forgets a kindness, who, though small and thin and as likely to weep when life overwhelms him as any other boy, always picks himself up and carries on doggedly. This story is crowded with unhurried adventures in towns and country, on and off boats, and in and out of houses. And there is a cat, too, a nice ordinary Ardizzone cat. *Tim All Alone* is for children and adults of all ages.

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JOAN NORTH

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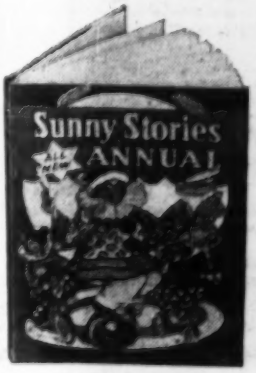

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EDMUND WARD

Junior Round-up

The Young Naturalist

Adventure of the Sea, by James Fisher (Rathbone Books, 15s.), is a large book of which less than half is text; the pictures, whether embellishment or instruction, are enjoyable, and lead the eye to the text to find out what they are all about. The matter ranges from waves to radar, from diatoms to whales, from geology to sociology. The writing is good and so is most of the biology. This sort of book ought soon to replace completely not only books for recreation but also school text-books. Recommended for all ages above eight, but especially for eleven to fifteen. Marie Neurath's *Too Small to See* (Parrish, 6s.), with its isotype diagrams, also uses an excellent technique of illustration. The object seems to be to show some of the sorts of things that can be seen under the microscope: they include the details of the anatomy of a number of insects; a snowflake; a cat's tongue; the mycelium and fructifications of a mould, and much else. This is too much of a miscellany for my liking, but I do not think that will worry children of primary school age.

Judy's and Andrew's Book of the Seashore, by Muriel Goaman (Faber, 8s. 6d.), ought to be kept until the summer vac. Then, forgetting the impending eleven plus, Judy and Andrew may find their enjoyment of the beasts of the seashore and the flowers of cliff, saltmarsh and sand-dune, enhanced by the reminder that they have names and specific ways of life. Later, this may lead to higher things. The coloured illustrations are conventional but adequate. For rather older children, Katherine Shippen, in *Men, Microscopes and Living Things* (Phœnix, 12s. 6d.), gives some brief biographies of biologists, beginning with Aristotle and Pliny, including the schoolmen, and ending, surprisingly, with de Vries and Weismann. The science is well coated with harmless and entertaining personal information, the line-drawings are very fancy but equally harmless. Recommended especially for nieces and nephews who show signs of becoming naturalists, biologists or doctors, or who simply like reading about real people.

S. A. B.

Laughs

While real schoolmasters are ever more easily approachable, more kindly, more reluctant to impose sanctions, Molesworth (interpreted by Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle) clings ever more closely to those splendid old stereotypes of spindleshanked, stingy, sadistical Squeerses, "Headmaster for Sale . . . shoes soled with ruber excelent for cobbing boys, miscreants, ect. Can live on seaweed and thinks boys can, too." But in *Whizz for Atoms* (Max Parrish, 9s. 6d.) new and topical weapons are used in the class war. The whole school to be kept in for the offence of one? Molesworth reaches for his constitutional rights: "contravention of paragraphs 2 and 3, Sixth Schedule of Standing Orders on British demoracracy." Other occasions call for Captain Grimes's methods: the rate for the prefect's job is "a box of cigars to the headmaster, 20 Players to the masters, 5/- to the matron, bone to the skool dog." Worldliness as ever is the keynote, but St. Custard's is now only a base for raids into the home, the factory, the Riviera: everything and everyone is seen through—boys as ruthlessly as girls or parents, TV, New Elizabethans, documentary films and all enlightened methods of education, especially visiting teachers—("this is the atomm age and masters are exchanged like stamp swaps from country to country").

Parents facing the problem of weaning their daughters from pony books could try *Hunting with Mr. Jorrocks* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.), a shortened version of *Handley Cross*, with Ardizzone's pen-and-wash drawings standing up very well to the inevitable Leech comparisons. Original illustrators—Henry Holiday, Tenniel, Harry Furniss, Heinrich Hoffmann, Arthur Hughes—have been called in for a good many of the pieces in *The Book of Nonsense* (Dent, 12s. 6d.), which is not, as might be supposed, a reprint of Lear, but a new collection made by R. L. Green. You get a lot of Lear and Carroll, including the whole of the *Snark* and the *Four Little Children, Struwwelpeter, Münchausen.* Mr. Green's own fun in making the anthology, one suspects, came mainly in the sections of less familiar poems and nursery rhymes, and rhymes he has only heard, not read. (But I have seen one, and, I think, two, of them in print.)

J. A. S.

Solid and Sensible

There must be a number of serious young stamp-collectors who would like a good book about stamps (without having to sacrifice new specimens for it). *The Postage Stamp*, by L. N. and M. Williams (Penguin, 3s. 6d.) will give them detailed descriptions of the history of the stamp and of collectors and the trade, five chapters on "The Darker Side of Philately," *i.e.*, forgery, and clear, practical suggestions for displaying and classifying a collection. In the new *Puffin Quiz Book*, compiled by Norman and Margaret Dixon (Penguin, 2s. 6d.), the questions are for ten to fifteen-year-olds and are "not about the things you learn at school." They are quite difficult and very up to date: where and why would you see Left Hand Drive, of what use is balsa wood, on what plane would you go to Paris? The answers are in the back.

A Book of Britain (Hulton, 21s.), an anthology of poetry, prose and pictures chosen by John Hadfield, is really intended for adults, but most of the poems and prose pieces, about English landscape, seascape, street scenes—man-made Britain, in fact—have images and details that perceptive children are likely to enjoy. The illustrations include some fair reproductions of good and unfamiliar pictures, and they are not too Christmas-cardy. Alison Uttley, too, offers a picture of England in *Here's a New Day* (Faber, 15s.); but hers is a deliberate evocation of poetry and magic in the landscape and the domestic life of English villages. She does this through her own reminiscences, pointing the place names and special feast days with quaint stories, and if a child likes hearing his parents talk about their childhood, he will enjoy this book. The more critical and impatient may like a new anthology *English Christmas*, collected by Philip Collins (Gordon Fraser, 8s. 6d.), for it has sharp and unusual comments on this Christian—and pagan—feast, both for and against. In the companion volume, *Carols 1400-1950* (Gordon Fraser, 8s. 6d.), music and words of forty-two familiar and unfamiliar carols are clearly printed, and well-introduced; at the back are notes on other books and on gramophone records. More music accompanies some plays by Eleanor Farjeon in *Grannie Gray* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.). With a grown-up as musical supervisor, the six to ten-year-olds—as few as four of them, or as many as thirty—can act and dress-up for hours at a time. Families who have been collecting the *Oxford Junior Encyclopædia* can now buy the Index (Oxford, 30s.).

P. H.

Reprints include George MacDonald's *Back of the North Wind* (Dent., 12s. 6d.); Rider Haggard's *Ayesha* (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.); Louisa Alcott's *Little Men* (Ward Lock, 6s.); Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* (Blackie, 6s.); Jules Verne's *Round the World in 80 Days* (Collins, 4s. 6d.); and Johanna Spyri's *Heidi* (Penguin Books, 3s.).

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Bloomsbury and the Ant-eater

On the whole, since about the time of the Spanish Civil War, the word Bloomsbury has been a term of abuse. It has been used to describe intellectual or aesthetic snobbishness, petulance and isolation. It has been used to describe an artificial detachment. Whereas Bloomsbury regarded itself as the daring beginning of a revolt, its critics have regarded it as the end of something sedate, a bright Indian summer suddenly brought to an end, the lost brilliant expression of that state-within-a-state: the independent upper-middle-class who held themselves to be just outside the battle. Fashion is a cruel master, but contemporary wars and revolutions are worse; they devour a generation in ten years instead of the usual thirty. Bloomsbury has suffered from this, just as the Thirties and Forties have done already for their specialities; but the central foible of Bloomsbury has made the group specially vulnerable. In their claim to detachment, in their trick of treating all experience as if it were new, they came to regard the world outside as a kind of zoo, filled with the grotesque and the bizarre. The odd was not the eccentric, but the normal. Naturally, the normal ant-eater now looks back through the bars and supposes that it is his watchers who are really in captivity, and who are isolated from the life of their species.

It is clear from the exchange of letters between Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey*, and from the tone of Mr. Clive Bell's portraits of the period†, that there was an attempt to create an intellectual elite, even an aristocracy. Some elements of frugality and high-mindedness gave a self-conscious, if not Puritan, tone to Bloomsbury. The arts in England have commonly lived vulgarly in the world. They have been clubbable; they have been workaday; they have been Bohemian. They have been incompetent in the continental coterie and not good at tea-time. They have never expected—however much they have hoped—to make the rest of the world feel either uncomfortable or wrong. The English genius has thrived on isolation, or mixing unrecognised in the crowd. Bloomsbury sought to alter this. In 1922 (so Virginia Woolf tells us in her *Life* of him) Roger Fry felt

> a time was at hand when a real society was possible. It was to be a society of people of moderate means, a society based upon the old Cambridge ideal of truth and free-speaking, but alive, as Cambridge had never been, to the importance of the arts. It was possible in France; why not in England? No art could flourish without such a background. The young artist tended to become illiterate, narrow-minded and self-centred with disastrous effect on his work, failing any society where among the amenities of civilisation, ideas were discussed in common and he was accepted as an equal.

The phrase "moderate means" tells us everything. But putting this aside, the notion does not often appear in English literature or, I believe, in painting. The fact is—as the French continually show us—you cannot successfully have one such "real society." The whole of artistic life has to be organised into passionate and ferocious little sets and movements. We cannot do this. And though Bloomsbury did succeed, it did so at the cost of a certain solitary snobbishness with a good deal that was amateur and thin on the fringes. It became standoffishness. Mr. Bell tells us that Keynes became suspect the moment he entered public life, the strength of Bloomsbury lying in private life and art. The amiable Mr. Bell himself does not care for people who use the radio—and there is some eye-brow raising because Picasso had a dinner-jacket period. No: the austere and aery notion of Bloomsbury was that it should be some island of Laputa hanging in the air, some helicopting tea-table. Let us grant that in England nothing succeeds like privilege.

The strength and seduction of Bloomsbury—I speak from little personal knowledge or acquaintance and mainly from reading—were in the passion for asking questions. It was Pilate's technique; one remembers how D. H. Lawrence, in the role of Jesus, disliked it. "What do you make of So-and-So?", or "What are we all coming to, pray?"; the questioner does not stay for answer, for he is speculating at large, casting his line for the "too extraordinary"—*i.e.*, some instance of ordinary behaviour. The normal was the absurd. For although the continual question-asking of Bloomsbury was meant to provoke the art in which they unquestionably must have excelled, the art of conversation so long in abeyance, it led mainly to fantasy in imaginative writing and, in Lytton Strachey's history, to the arbitrary and grotesque elevation of private behaviour to the most important role. One sees that this was a way of liberating us from the Victorians, and not a way of understanding them. One sees also that the essential quality in Strachey, Roger Fry and Virginia Woolf is the dramatic, not to say the histrionic. After our wars, we are as likely to misjudge Bloomsbury as Bloomsbury misjudged the Victorians; "misjudge" is the wrong word. Shall we say that we are apt to forget that those whom we call our "elders" were young, intrepid, fervent people. Mr. Bell tells us of the qualities of passion, gaiety and daring in Virginia Woolf and Roger Fry, and of an intense, committed indignation in Lytton Strachey. Yet Lytton Strachey records no passion in the violent Victorians, but rather the drama of false appearances; and in the Elizabethans something uncomfortably like the melodramatic. The break with the Victorians was even more of a leap into the dramatic imagination, in the work of Virginia Woolf; there, we are less aware of what people are, and most intensely aware of what may be made, by genius, of the failure of people to be related to each other. She embroiders in isolation. If, as must be supposed, she put a very high and decisive value on personal relationships, her visionary flights into the densely populated human solitude are a curious commentary on her belief. She glides witch-like through the air, terrified of time. In their fantasies and sensations, all her people are artists; and one can extend the statement to the whole Bloomsbury activity. It has to be activity propitious to the experience of artistic sensations alone, or at any rate, intellectually divorced from the other sedentary impulses of human nature. She required no knowledge of the world.

In the introduction to her exchange of letters with Lytton Strachey, Mr. Leonard Woolf and Mr. James Strachey note something guarded in the tone. He frightens her a little. If she can be waspish, he has his mockery. The fencing and the shocking, so typical of Bloomsbury, are marked; these are studied letters, if they are also spirited. There was also in Bloomsbury, I suspect, a good deal of conscious civilisation-creating. Gay, sharp-tongued, wilful and very visual the letters are; they make a happier impression than the diaries. When they fall flat, it is because we are outsiders. We cannot guess the associations. The edge to her tongue does not greatly shock me, malice being a well-known safety-valve in literature. If it is all unlike dear George Eliot, it is not as crushing as not-so-dear Mrs. Carlyle; occasionally it is brilliant:

> [G] was here last weekend, very polished and agreeable; and I daresay it's supercilious to refer to the end of his nose, or his clothes, or his modernity which seems to me miraculous, as if he had already been to a lunch party which had not yet been given.

Her pen flies rather anxiously along; Strachey's letters have the epigrams, the judgments:

> The French seem to me a melancholy race—is it because they have no imagination, so that they have no outlets when they find themselves (as all intelligent people must) *vis à vis* with the horrors of the world?

Or of Henry James:

> He appeared at the window as I passed the other day—most remarkable! So conscientious and worried and important—he was like an admirable tradesman, trying his best to give satisfaction, infinitely solemn and polite. Is there any truth in this? It has since occurred to me that his novels are really remarkable for the lack of humour.

And doubts about the Victorians? Are they really bungling hypocrites? Or have they really a baroque charm? They had, what he ignored, the baroque energy.

But we are outside it all, ant-eaters condemned to the species. We gaze back at exceptional personalities. Mr. Clive Bell's recollections of the chief figures—he is particularly good on Keynes (who, he says, did not like him), eloquent about Virginia Woolf and Roger Fry—bring out what we have missed: the impulse, the rage for conversation. It is an art which flourishes only when an age wakes up and has something new to say, and a good grounding in the use of leisure. It requires like-mindedness and the influence of star-performers. They were all so born. They were, almost as a matter of religion, bent on drawing out the gifts of friends. I think they grew more tolerant of outsiders as time went on. They certainly created a propitious climate—if not for the creation of the greatest works of art, there being too much taste and scruple—for the dissemination of the influence of great works. Strong

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* *Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey: Letters.* Edited by Leonard Woolf and James Strachey. *Hogarth.* 18*s.*

† *Old Friends.* By Clive Bell. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

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Victorian, liberal, public-spirited principles lay behind the experiments and affectations. It is odd that Bloomsbury has become official.

There is another irony. The rebels, the apostles of feeling, the enemies of convention, are now obliged to observe the normal conventional reticence—once thought to be so vulgar—in regard to the exotic bloomings of private life which were studiously cultivated and admired in the period. If Bloomsbury seems colourless now it is because the great bouquets of scandal have inevitably faded. Gossip is a vital part of the art of personal relationships. Now the records are all square brackets, changed initials and asterisks. It is a bit of a come-down. Yet after the art of conversation, the art of scandal was an important contribution to the life of the time.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Hungary

"But give me liberty, or give me death."
They give them death. In a sour autumn
Of much gone mazy the tanks move in.
Come, drain your bitter to the bottom.
The damp smoke catches at the breath.
It is not always the brave who win.

We, who were scared of the one-sided,
Now must gape with a silly stare
At two dead sides of a question closed.
Do not suppose we did not care:
Our care was heartsick, the heart divided,
The cleft far deeper than you supposed.

Come, look at the rubbish of a season,
Cracked leaves and crumpled newspapers
On the patchy scurf of a back green!
Why should we cut rhetorical capers?
Last week's courage is this week's treason:
That is what moving armies mean.

Is it blood or iron that taints the breath
Of a sick November, the manifestos
Slopped in the gutter, the deputations
Fobbed off politely? Is this a pesthouse?
O liberty, shall I call you death?
Where are the angels that guard the nations?

Officials in other capitals
Caught in a turmoil much like ours
Utter in small block caps: DESIST.
And in the irony of hours
The brave are broken, the city falls.
The brave are broken. I choke in mist.

G. S. FRASER

The Treasury of War

Financial Policy 1939-45. By R. S. SAYERS. *H.M.S.O.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

We could never have won the war without most massive help from the United States, in fighting-power, finance and supply. But, in finance and supply at least, the American Government showed, as individual Americans sometimes show, a compound of amazing generosity and amazing meanness; of most effusive and sincere kindliness and of brutally hard bargaining from overwhelming strength. And thus in Anglo-American relations we found, as Keynes said, "friendship and exasperation advancing hand in hand." Early in 1941 Lend-Lease was launched, "the most unsordid act in the history of the world." But by now we were at the end of our tether in marketable overseas assets. "Mr. Morgenthau has cleaned us out," said a British Treasury official. And we were practically at the end of our tether in gold and dollars. The American Treasury saw no reason why we should have *any* reserves. And Lend-Lease was linked with many conditions and restrictions on our action, often administered by narrow-visioned pedants with a legal training.

Professor Sayers sets out all this tangled and infuriating story with admirable clarity. Less than a month after I became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1945, Lend-Lease came to an abrupt end. This was done without any warning or consultation—we had hoped at least to arrange some tapering-off—on the ruling of an Irish-American lawyer named Crowley. President Truman has since stated that he did not realise what he was signing, when this decree was put before him. This blow forced us, if we were to escape mass unemployment and starvation, to negotiate, at short notice and in most disadvantageous bargaining conditions, the American Line of Credit of December, 1945. And then, in 1947, the United States followed up Lend-Lease with Marshall Aid. Amazing generosity for the second time.

As for internal borrowing, British wartime governments accepted the principle of "a Three Per Cent War." This was to be the usual rate for long-term loans, and it was announced by Kingsley Wood in March, 1940, that "We have no intention of borrowing on worse terms as the war proceeds; we shall hope to improve on them." This was moderately cheap money, resolutely proclaimed, and was a great improvement on the five per cent War of 1914-18. Further, says Professor Sayers, "it was realised that some financial institutions—notably the banks—could get along on much less than this." Hence the issue, beginning in July, 1940, of Treasury Deposit Receipts, compulsory short-term loans from the Clearing Banks to the Treasury, the Chancellor deciding both the amount of the loans, their duration, and the rate of interest. The rate was fixed at 1½% and so remained till after the war, when I cut it in half. This useful security has now been discontinued. After the war I tried for "a Two and a Half Per Cent Peace," with short-term rates at ½%. But this was fiercely resisted, and today British national credit has deteriorated to more than five per cent., both short and long. The evil consequences of this heavy lapse from virtue are familiar.

Of British war Budgets Kingsley Wood's in April, 1941, was the most interesting. His supplementary Budget of July, 1940, the first Coalition Budget, was less original. But it increased income-tax, surtax and death-duties and instituted the purchase-tax. He told me, with a smile, that he had increased the death-duties in order to please *me*. And I had, indeed, urged this course upon him.

His 1941 Budget was the first in which an attempt was made to estimate an "inflationary gap" and then to close it. In this Budget food subsidies, sufficient to hold the cost of living steady, were accepted as a necessary item in public expenditure. Bevin had pressed strongly for this. To close the gap, income-tax was increased, in spite of Churchill's opposition to this "almost complete confiscation of the higher rates of income . . . avowedly in order to placate other elements in public opinion." (It is one of the charms of this book that it quotes freely from Ministerial correspondence and departmental minutes.) The standard rate was raised from 8s. 6d. to 10s. in the £, at which level it remained till the end of the war, and income-tax allowances were reduced.

But the emotional impact of this was to be lessened, it was hoped, by the introduction of post-war credits for income-tax payers. These credits were the residue, after much discussion, of a much larger scheme of Keynes for "forced savings" as a preventive of inflation. Keynes told me that he thought well of Kingsley Wood as a most intelligent populariser of his own ideas. I was never keen on these post-war credits. I thought they would lay up future trouble and do no present good. The best argument for them was that they would provide a pretext for dishing

Me

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PETER DAVIES

out more purchasing power, if this was needed later to prevent a deflationary slump. But it would have been easy to find other pretexts, if a slump *had* come and, as it hasn't, the credits still outstanding are now a grievance to their holders and a bore to the Treasury.

Later war Budgets contained little that was fresh. But Professor Sayers relates that in the last weeks of the war, when Anderson was Chancellor, Bevin went to him with proposals for giving a first priority in tax relief to the small income-tax payer. Bevin, as is now well known, wanted the Treasury in a Labour Government, not the Foreign Office. He was already thinking out his first Budget.

On July 28, as we were leaving Buckingham Palace together, after kissing hands and receiving Seals, he asked me, "Have you thought much about the income-tax?" I said, "Yes, a bit." "Well," he said, "don't fix your mind till I get back from Potsdam. I've got some ideas I should like to talk to you about." I promised not to fix my mind in a hurry.

HUGH DALTON

Eighty Years of Uproar

The Fabulous Phonograph. By ROLAND GELATT. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

This is the first serious history of the gramophone to be published, and it is very well done. The task was not easy. The early days of the invention are ill documented; soon, as cylinders and discs grow in popularity, and more and more new companies get into the act, the documents become all too numerous and complex. Mr. Gelatt picks his way skilfully through the jungle; moreover, he makes the long trek absorbing to the general reader. He has gone to first-hand sources —old trade journals and the like—for his facts; he has personally consulted surviving pioneers, or their descendants; and he has the good judgment to maintain a sensible balance between the three different aspects of his story: science, business and aesthetics. If he shows a bias, it is very properly, as he admits, in the direction of serious music. "The inventors and entrepreneurs played important and fascinating roles, but their work would have little interest for us had it not been allied to the artistry of Caruso and Melba, Beecham and Casals."

At the very outset problems arise, since no one can say with absolute confidence who invented the gramophone. As often happens, two people independently hit upon almost the same idea, at almost the same time. In April 1877 the minor French poet, Charles Cros, deposited with the Académie des Sciences a paper describing a process for recording and reproducing sound; apparently he could not raise enough money to pay for a patent, and so for the time being left it at that. By the end of the same year Thomas Edison had wrapped a sheet of tinfoil round a cylinder, shouted "Mary had a little lamb" into a horn, and —after suitable adjustments—listened to a recognisable reproduction of his voice. ("I was never so taken aback in my life.") Since it seems certain that neither man knew anything of the other's phonographic activities, argument has raged ever since over their respective claims, with the French naturally supporting Cros and the Americans Edison. Mr. Gelatt, though an American himself, concludes with the impartiality of Solomon that Charles Cros was "the first to *conceive* the phonograph, Thomas Edison . . . the first to *achieve* it."

It is tantalising that Edison's lack of interest in music should have so long delayed the development of his invention as a musical instrument. Music played a minor part in his original plans: he was more interested in the use of the phonograph for business purposes; in such devices as "clocks that should announce in articulate speech the time for going home, going to meals, etc."; or in the documentation of family life, including "the last words of dying persons." Despite an extraordinary record made at the death-bed of the great French singer, Emma Calvé, we may be thankful that this last notion has not widely caught on: it would add a new terror to our last moments. The first recordings by a serious musician were made in 1888 by a boy prodigy who is still living: the pianist Josef Hofmann. But it was not until the turn of the century that great musicians, mainly singers, began to make records of lasting musical value. For the next 25 years the history of the gramophone is mainly a history of famous singers and the rival companies who secured their services; thereafter, with the arrival of electrical recording in 1925, it is the orchestra's turn. Phonographic history thus divides itself neatly into almost equal periods of 25 years each: a primitive period, a period of serious "acoustic" recording, and a period of electrical recording on 78 r.p.m. We are now in the early years of a fourth period, that of LP and tape.

People have been slow to grasp the historical importance of the gramophone. To this day, recordings by great artists and public personalities are recklessly destroyed, or at best lie neglected in the vaults of companies who have no further use for such old stuff. National collections of one sort or another exist in America, France and Italy; in England we have only just begun to see the need, and it is not long since the British Institute of Recorded Sound became an accomplished fact. Though now on its feet, the Institute still needs almost everything: money, records bequeathed or discarded from private collections, official support; eventually, some form of compulsory deposit of new recordings by their manufacturers, such as is enjoyed by corresponding bodies abroad. At present, so far from encouraging such a step, our Government actually penalises any manufacturer who might wish to help in the formation of a national collection by demanding Purchase Tax on any record so presented. Imagine the plight of the British Museum Library if publishers, instead of being obliged to deposit copies, were compelled to pay a tax on such volumes as they were kind enough to present! No doubt, as more and more people in authority give the matter some coherent thought, we shall slowly pull out of this lunatic position. But in the meantime priceless documents of our civilisation are vanishing every year. Such a book as this, in addition to its romantic, amusing and picturesque qualities, should bring home to everyone who reads it the extent and importance of the material that we are now cheerfully pouring down the drain of oblivion.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

New Novels

The Soldier Room. By ANNE CHAMBERLAIN. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Every Eye. By ISOBEL ENGLISH. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Nature of Passion. By R. PRAWER JHABVALA. *Allen & Unwin.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Saturnalia and the Nomads. By PHILIP FREUND. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

Ruth, in *The Soldier Room,* is a country girl married to Mr. Sydney Woodridge, head of the younger branch of an Old American Family, and inhabiting their Old Ancestral Home in Upper (not Lower, please) Daniels Avenue, Caldertown. (I stress *Old* because rude English cousins, after being dinned into reverent hush by characters and authoress alike concerning the antique splendour of this stately edifice, are apt to break into iconoclastic guffaws when Miss Chamberlain lets slip that it was in fact built no fewer than 84 years ago—on my reckoning some ten years later than the undistinguished mid-Victorian box in which I sit writing this Old Family Review.) Sydney Woodridge is an exceedingly unpleasant young man, emotionally arrested (the "Soldier Room," where he keeps his magnificent collection of toy soldiers, is the only place where he feels at all happy), and hence both cold and cruel. He suffers from a persecution mania about his relations and business associates, and to begin with his innocent wife, practically a prisoner in her own house (Sydney fears that, if she has social contacts, vital business information will be wormed out of her), accepts the world at his valuation of it. But eventually, well not quite a commercial traveller but a travelling antiques buyer (Old, Old American rocking-chairs) breaks into the ogre's prison and it's away with the raggle-taggle gipsies O! Much of *The Soldier Room* is excellent, and the horrifying picture of the moral bankruptcy of American small-town genteel life is particularly well done. All the same, the paint is laid on much too thick. The authoress's hatred for Sydney is so acute that he becomes quite unreal. In the same way, overwriting too often lends an air of turgidity and false importance to descriptions of the essentially trivial.

Every Eye is a short, slight book whose heroine, an ostensibly plain girl with a certain between-the-lines something (oh, Miss Charlotte Brontë, how one wishes sometimes that you hadn't!), has been isolated from life by her awkwardness, her shyness, her unhappiness; but a late and surprising marriage to a younger man is leading her to reassess her attitudes and opinions. Her story is ingeniously told in a series of flashbacks during the long journey to what is in effect her honeymoon, on the island of Ibiza: here a surprising discovery links present and past on the last page in a revealing and satisfactory way. Miss English is clearly a writer of some potential power, but at the moment she seems yet another authoress "cursed with sensibility." Apart from "fine writing," this expresses itself in an urge towards the super-subtle: *Every Eye* is a mysterious story, all right, just as Miss English plainly intended it to be, but that is principally because half the clues have been left out. It is not often that one can say that a book should have been longer; but one can this time.

Dannie Abse's novel

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Yearbook of the United Nations 1956

This is the ninth in a series of annual volumes produced by the U.N. Department of Public Information to provide a comprehensive and authoritative review of the activities and achievements of the United Nations. The Yearbook is designed to be a permanent reference volume for public officials, scholars, diplomats, writers, teachers, librarians, students and others concerned with international affairs.

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On the other hand, the up-to-date stock-response evokers—the Jane Eyre heroine ("ugly duckling" theme), the hols in the Balearics, the childhood in the Breton convent—make for less confidence in Miss English's literary future.

This is Ladies' Week evidently, but Mrs. Jhabvala is not cursed with the sensibility of her sisters. Like the Jane Austen of whom she is a little reminiscent, she prefers Sense. *The Nature of Passion* is a lightly satirical comedy of the new India. The older generation of her rich Punjabi contractor's family are hide-bound, materialistic, superstitious, yet with a certain primitive virtue: their tradition may be a sorry one (as witness Mrs. Jhabvala's lovingly malicious transcripts of the endless petty vindictiveness of women's quarter conversation), but at least they have it and they stick to it. The younger generation, on the other hand, borrow precisely the least salutary trappings of Western civilisation—"arranging a room in the modern manner," cocktails, night clubs. Reluctance to accept bribes seems indeed the only creditable British importation. The moral bankruptcy of this younger generation is no less absolute than that of Miss Chamberlain's Old American Families, and one is rejoiced to see *The Nature of Passion* end in a resounding victory for the elders. This is an extremely able and balanced novel. The picture is perhaps cruel and to a certain extent superficial (compare Forster's deeper, subtler analysis), but the book should be required reading for those who are apt to gush vaguely about India's great "reserves of spirituality" and so on, more on a basis of wishful thinking than on any acquaintance with the less amenable and infinitely more complicated fact.

Mr. Freund is the only gentleman present, but his book weighs as much as all the three ladies' put together and is furthermore advertised as only the first of at least three comparable instalments of an enormous production to be entitled *The Volcano God*. The author describes this as a "cerebral novel," and the epithet could not be bettered. Set, so far as this first volume is concerned, in the London of the first years of the late war, the book's heroes are principally a group of scholars linked in the first place by their common patronage of the British Museum Reading Room. Though there is a comparatively slender, and somewhat naive, narrative thread, the real interest lies in the long conversation-pieces, which are concerned with every aspect of the modern predicament and of the modern knowledge which is attempting to find some way out of it. The attempt is to draw a significant intellectual portrait of our age, and so far it seems to me that Mr. Freund is succeeding. His mind is too restless to poise upon a single flower and brood, but its range is immense—Spengler, genetics, comparative mythology, a dozen more, form bases for disquisitions that turned what at first sight looked like the alarming duty of having to wade through this monster volume into a pleasant, easy and fascinating journey. Mr. Freund is not so good upon life (his views of the English aristocracy, for instance, are charmingly never-never), but he is rarely capacious upon learning—a sort of unlikely cross between, shall we say, Wyndham Lewis (of *The Apes of God*) and Thomas Mann. It may be objected perhaps that he has swallowed the Encyclopædia of Contemporary Knowledge. But that is not such a bad thing to swallow. At any rate, beside the three ladies, Mr. Freund and his book look like an electric brain beside three clockwork mice. I *know* that there are a few situations where clockwork mice come in more useful, but on the whole those are not the most important or interesting situations.

HILARY CORKE

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SECKER & WARBURG

The Ways of Liberty

All Ireland. By STEPHEN RYNNE. *Batsford.* 15*s.*

"This jury has acquitted you," a witty Irish judge once said to an innocent gentleman, "and you may consider yourself as leaving this court without any other stain on your character." In a broader sense this story is true of all who live in, or leave, Ireland. We have been acquitted, and yet we have no notion (no more perhaps than the little man had) of what we were on trial for.

Mr. Rynne's book is well enough written and so completely avoids the laments, personal obscurities and religious diatribes which are usually found in books about Ireland that one is able to form a real picture of the country and hence, I think, some of the issues which we, as Irish people, have so constantly avoided. One is thankful that Mr. Rynne has not gone on that endless tour of friends, relations and anecdotes. Inevitably his book is often concerned with the past. Page after page one is reminded of all the country once contained, the immense potentiality, the activity, the *life* of its people while involved in the cause of their liberty and of the fate that has made their achievement a pyrrhic victory. In thinking of present-day Ireland one wonders whether our continual antagonism and eventual riddance of the English has not taken from us more than a mere political system. Was it not a whole civilisation, neither belonging completely to one country nor the other but a marriage which brought out to an extent what was best—and certainly what was most energetic—in the two nations? The impact of the Celtic mind on other countries—or more simply its immigration to them—which seems at once to give incentive and purpose to everything Irish is naturally enough what present Irish policy is most against. The Irish Government, despite suggestions to the contrary, would like to make it possible for the profligate talents of the Irish to be turned to their own country. Such an occurrence, if only in the light of past history, seems unlikely. It is more difficult to be nationalistic with constructive policies than with guns. That is the problem for the Government—"Fat, buck farmers" as someone has called them—and for the people who remain in Ireland. For the people who go away just the opposite seems true. They are intensely nationalistic and have all kinds of ideas for bettering their country. In this respect, however, their energies are misspent. The present or, as it seems, the eternal position of Ireland is the exile's *raison d'être*. He feeds it; it becomes his life's blood; and if Ireland were *really* to change, none would be so upset as he. That is the problem, the paradox and the deadlock of Irish progress.

It may be the consolation of the gentleman in Clapham with his weekly copy of the *Cork Examiner*, to Mr. Murphy in Chicago with his clod of Killarney turf, and to all the other writers, clerks and housemaids who have left Ireland, that they have all found more for themselves and done more for others in these countries than they would have ever done in their own. It is their consolation, but it is the tragedy of the Ireland that remains; of the Ireland represented truthfully and openly in this book as a place which one would expect people to *live* in and not gabble about, curse and dream of from all corners of the earth.

The history of Ireland's fight for liberty should serve at once as an example and a warning both to other people and to other nations. It is not becoming free, but *being* free which is difficult.

MARLOWE HONE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,394

Set by Buzfuz

We sometimes hear of letters written to the Archers from over-credulous listeners, seeking or offering advice, or ordering farm-produce. Competitors are invited to compose such a letter to one of the following, whose adventures are, it is supposed, being serialised on the radio: Mr. Pooter, Winston Smith, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Salteena, Hamlet, Lucky Jim or Basil Seal.

Result of No. 1,391

Set by Paedophobe

Conkers may be nearly over, but Guy Fawkes is still to come, while *Peter Pan*, the circus, Christmas parties and stockings, are beginning to loom above the horizon. The usual prizes are offered for the best Poem Against Children. Limit 16 lines.

Report

"O for an hour of Herod," Anthony Hope is said to have sighed as he came out of *Peter Pan*; but a hundred odd Herods (which is what this entry came to) can be as surfeiting as a century of child-lovers, and I rather warmed to Elizabeth Lister for showing her colours in a covering letter: "Being a mother of five and rather *liking* Guy Fawkes, Christmas, etc., as breakers of monotony." Most competitors must double the roles of parent and teacher, for no aspect of the child at home or at school escaped notice, from the eternal problems of their dirt, noise and appetites, to their latest diabolical ploys:

> Since maladjustment's cancelled sin, they freely grind their subtle grist
> Of blackmail, and, if brought to book, they quote the bland psychiatrist.

Three guineas to Barbara Young, for cutting relentlessly to the heart of the matter; a guinea each to Eileen M. Haggitt, Stanley J. Sharpless, and J. R. Till. Runners-up: Jeremy Bullmore, Grandmother. Honourable mentions: Barbara Rapaport, R. A. McKenzie, J. E. Hinder ("verses found on an Abandoned Liver") and Tom Haggitt.

POEM AGAINST CHILDREN

They ignore you if you're right, but they will blame you if you're wrong.
They despise you if you're weak, but they will hate you if you're strong.
Their logic is remorseless, but they don't know what you mean.
They're the enemies of order, but dependent on routine.

There'll always be a

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**and Messrs. Batsford greatly regret a suggestion to the contrary which appeared in Jasper More's "The Mediterranean".*

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What to give at Christmas to the friend or relative overseas? A thoughtful gesture would be the gift of a year's subscription to the Manchester Guardian Weekly. With vigorous prose and well-chosen picture, it sums up the week's events in Britain. In this weekly edition of a distinguished newspaper, fact is respected, comment is informed, while the articles it prints are written by men with a nice sense of balance between the witty and the relevant. A subscription to the Manchester Guardian is, in effect, fifty-two gifts in one.

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Company Meeting

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

RECORD TURNOVER AND EARNINGS

Record gains in turnover and earnings—mainly from new products, new businesses, new plant and improved productivity—were reported by Sir Ivan A. R. Stedeford, K.B.E., Chairman of Tube Investments, Ltd., in his annual statement circulated with the accounts to stockholders on Thursday, November 15.

Sir Ivan said that trading profits before tax, but after depreciation, were £11,332,921, an increase of £2,806,334. Allowing for some £900,000 of exceptional profits from raw material price increases, profits became £10,432,921, an increase of about £2,000,000. There had been a rise in turnover of over £22 million, with all Divisions but the Cycle Division exceeding the previous year's performance. There was, however, evidence of an erosion of margins which, with present restraints on activity, made it unlikely that the records in turnover and profits would be challenged for a while. The Board recommended a final dividend of 7½ per cent which, allowing for the share capital not fully paid for the whole of the period, was at a rate equivalent to 15 per cent a year, an increase of 1 per cent on the rate forecast. The acquisition of companies and costs of modernising them presented a need for more capital, for which the Company expected to provide during 1957.

Sales in the Aluminium Division reached a record level. The reduced earnings of the Cycle Division reflected intensifying overseas competition, and steps had been taken to effect still lower production costs. Manufacture of cycles in the Birmingham area was being concentrated in what he believed would be the most modern integrated bicycle factory in the world. An increase of nearly 15 per cent in Electrical Division sales in what was a contracting market for appliances was mainly due to the success of the Creda "Carefree" and "Stargazer" cookers and Creda water heaters. New space heaters and the "Debonair" spin dryer had been introduced. T.I. had acquired the Power Centre Co., Ltd., specialists in electrical distribution gear.

Record output was achieved by the Steel Tube Division, but orders fell off with the effect of credit restrictions. The Division was well equipped to broaden its trading front at home and abroad. T.I. had acquired the total share capital of Park Gate Iron & Steel Co., and Renishaw Iron Co., and half the share capital of the Byfield Ironstone Co., at a total cost, including loans, of £6,115,000. With the original investment in Round Oak Steel Works, T.I. had invested just on £12 million, excluding development schemes, in steel-making, and was currently producing three-quarters of a million tons of ingot a year. Round Oak had supplied during the year almost 100,000 tons of tube and structural steel for the Group, which could not have been obtained from Britain, nor probably from overseas, even at high premiums.

The mounting demand for T.I.'s expanding range of capital goods—rolling mills, heavy forgings, machine tools, conveyors—bid still fairer prospects. The purchase had been arranged of Bennett Tools, Ltd., precision engineers. Overseas despatches were up 5 per cent in value, and satisfactory results had been reported from all overseas associates and subsidiaries. It was hoped that the works of Tube Products of India, Ltd., would be in production by next spring.

Sir Ivan said: "It seems the time has come for the nation to give industrial capital investment the sort of moral priority which housing has had for the past decade. Let industry be given a run for a few years to spend capital on a massive scale. By these means, and by these means only, are we likely to succeed in expanding our exports and in bringing about a rising standard of living."

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By A Disgruntled Father

Children are charming and clever,
Children need feeding and fuss;
Children ask questions for ever,
Especially on top of a bus.

Children like trumpets and trifles,
Children get sniffles and spots;
Children like rabbits and rifles,
Children climb out of their cots.

Children need care and protection,
Parents need patience and pence;
Children need love and affection,
Parents keep up the pretence.

Children like uncles and ices,
Children have parties and pains;
But I think that their very worse vice is:
They won't let me play with their trains.

EILEEN M. HAGGITT

Crocodile from Grey Towers, Ancient Seat of Learning,
Trailing down the avenue, pair by snooty pair,
With a cargo of snobbery,
Hauteur, prejudice,
Exaggerated accents and upper-class stare.

Arnold-haunted small fry from the local Grammar,
Standing in a huddle, waiting for the bus,
With a cargo of sniggers,
Spectacles, horseplay,
Brashness and Angst stemming from Eleven-Plus.

Hordes of little bastards from the Secondary Modern,
Gadarening home to the Children's Hour and News,
With a cargo of comics,
Candy floss, ice cream,
Hollywood values and low I.Q.s.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

With two under four and a third on the way,
I think I can quite conscientiously say
That I've no opposition to Children as Such:
It's Children as Children I find a bit much.

Oh, it's hard to be wise about current affairs
When a finger is tugging at both of your hairs,
And who could relax with an essay by Max
When even the chairs are all flat on their backs?

One day when my ears are imprisoned in glue,
And gravy-wet hands are undoing my shoe,
I think I'll take action—oh, purely police—
For I mean to survive in the Battle for Peace.

J. R. TILL

City Lights

Harold Goes Wildcatting

The City, though less phlegmatic now, is more puzzled about the outlook than ever. Share prices are still tending to drift downwards, very slowly and gently, but so far (except at the end of the Account, to meet losses on Oil shares) there has been no great impulse to sell. The political prospect is still uncertain, the economic prospect more uncertain still. At the moment the problem is to get, by any means, enough oil to prevent a severe setback to industrial production, and the chance of succeeding depends so much on two unknowns—how long it is before the Canal is unblocked, and how long before the Americans decide to help out enthusiastically—that it is hardly worth debating. The economic problems which lie beyond are necessarily more obscure. Will the level of production be seriously affected, and for long? Will a higher level of freight rates, and perhaps of raw material prices, affect our production costs and our balance of payments more seriously than that of our European competitors? Will the strain on the inadequate gold

reserve produced by smaller dollar receipts from oil and larger dollar payments be increased further by speculation, and will America be willing to help out with dollars as well as oil? Nobody, certainly not the Chancellor, knows the answers. A U.S. loan on the strength of the government's dollar securities or an advance from the International Monetary Fund is quite possible, and a common European front to the problem of the world's dollar gap would have immediate as well as long-term advantages.

* * *

Markets are holding up so well only because investors have chosen to sit tight for the moment: this is hardly the best time to try borrowing fresh money. But companies cannot postpone their financing plans indefinitely, and new issues continue to be announced. When they are fixed-interest stocks, debentures or loan stocks, the chance of getting away with it is still reasonably good. Provided that the terms are attractive, the issue can be placed privately with investment institutions whose view of events is long enough to regard the present crisis as a temporary fluctuation in a long, smooth curve. When the issue is of Ordinary shares the problem is more tricky. Issues of this kind are usually made attractive by offering the new shares at a cheaper price than those already quoted in the market. But when prices are falling—and rumours of a new issue are enough to make them fall in an uneasy market—the issue terms can all too easily be overtaken by events. Leyland, for example, is planning to raise some £5m by such an issue. The market price of the old shares fell back when the issue was rumoured, and the "rights" bait, when it was announced, amounted to only 5d a share; since then, it has fallen farther. The terms may still be attractive to certain investors: stamp duty and brokers fee are saved on the new shares, and an issue provides what may be an unusual chance to acquire a large block of shares cheaply. But the success of any issue, under these conditions, depends very largely on the fact that it is underwritten, and underwriters nowadays are claiming (quite justifiably) a rather higher commission.

* * *

The Guthrie group has decided to withdraw its plan for investing the surplus liquid assets of several rubber companies in a private investment trust. The proposal aroused a good deal of opposition, but it is difficult to believe, since its objectionable features could easily have been removed, that the frustration of takeover bids was not one of its objects. If it was, it will be interesting to see what happens next. At the meeting, suggestions for paying back the money to shareholders were received coolly, suggestions for increasing the size of dividends rather more enthusiastically.

* * *

The Rhodesian Selection Trust group of copper companies has American relations and believes in fixed selling prices. But copper, and the influence of the London market, have made it difficult for the group to act up to its beliefs, and the fixed price has been changed seven times since April 30. Confused consumers will be glad to hear that discussions with the other Rhodesian producing group, which sells at London market prices, may eventually produce a common policy.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 366. What Price Beauty?

Few of us would resist the lure of some spectacular combination even when there is some quicker if more "pedestrian" way of forcing the win. In this position (Tallantyre-Liddell, Newcastle 1893), White forced a spectacular mate by (1) R x Kt, P x R. (2) R-B8 ch, R x R. (3) B-B4 ch, K-Kt2. (4) P—Kt ch, R x Kt. (5) Q-B7. I have saved at least half a dozen exclamation marks in deference to the purists who might well and truly say that this was bad chess since the single and simple move (1) B-B4 would have forced immediate resignation. Moreover, when choosing a more elegant move instead of one that is merely sound, the "brilliancy" often enough turns out to have a flaw. Take this position: /2kkt1b2/qp2kt3/2p2B1p/1P2P1p1/1P3P2/3Q3P/2P2PPK/4R3/. Gerbec won it (at Vienna, 1938) by a spectacular sacrifice of R and B. (1) R-QR1, Q x R. (2) P-K6, Q x B. (3) Q-Q7 ch, K-Kt1. (4) Q x Kt ch, K-R2. (5) P-Kt6 ch, K-R3. (6) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt4. (7) Q-R5 ch, K-B5. (8) Q-B5 mate. Very pretty indeed! But in his excellent analysis of such positions (in *Schach-Echo*) Paul Schlensker points out that the combination could have been refuted by (2) . . . Q-K8; whereas White could have won quite deservedly by the sober (1) R-Q1, Kt-Q4. (2) P-B4 etc. Here (Hasse-Hering, Leipzig 1952), is some further proof of the danger—in Chess, at any rate—of seeking beauty for its own sake and without due regard to its efficacy. /1r3k2/2p2ppp/p1p3q1/Q1Ktp4/3P4/2P3Pb/P4P1P/2R3K1/. Black could win quite simply by (1) . . . R-Kt8. (2) Q-R3, K-Kt1! and White would have been helpless against the threat of . . .Q-B7. Instead, Black played the more "beautiful" move (1) . . . Q-B7, realising too late that after (2) Q-R3 he could not play . . . R-Kt8, owing to the mating threat. (3) Kt-K6 ch, K-K1 (4) Q-B8 ch, K-Q2. (5) Kt-B5. The sequel was (2) . . . .Q-K7. (3) Kt-K6 ch, K-Kt1. (4) Kt-B4, and White was out of danger. Here finally (Marco-Salter, Czernovitz 1900), is another famous beauty with a blemish. /3r1rk1/pp1q1ppp/3pkt3/2pKt4/5PP1/P5PQ/1PP1B3/1K1R4/. White could have won by the obvious. (1) R-R1, countering . . . . P-KR3 by (2) Kt-B6 ch, P x Kt. (3) Q x P, but Marco was lured by the glamour of (1) B-Kt5, Q x B. (2) Kt-K7 ch, K-R1. (3) Q x P ch, K x Q. (4) R-R1 mate. He got away with it, but his pretty pitch may well have been queered by (1) . . . Kt x P. (2) P x Kt, Q-K3.

A: Kunnemann 1934

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position, quite in tune with this week's theme song. Spurning the soberly obvious draw (1) R x B, White "sparkled" by (1) Q-B6, Q x BP?? (2) Q-Kt7 ch, B x Q. (3) R-K8 ch etc. How could Black have taken the sparkle out of this brew? **B** should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points if I add the helpful hint that this is a Q-hunt. **C** (for 7 points) is also a win and quite a classic. Usual prizes. Entries by November 26.

B: V. A. Bron 1927

C: V. & M. Platov 1911

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 363. Set October 27

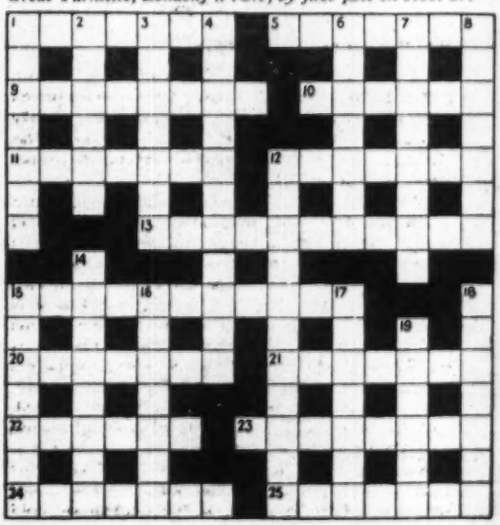
A: (1) B-KKt5, P x B; (2) B-R7 ch, K-R1; (3) B-Kt6 ch, K-Kt1; (4) R-R8 ch, K x R; (5) Q-R5 ch, etc.
B: (1) Q-KR1 ch, K-Kt1; (2) Q x Kt ch, K x Q; (3) P-B7 ch, Kt-Kt2; (4) K-Kt6, Q-B1; (5) B-Q4!, Q-Q3 ch; (6) B-B6, Q-B1; (7) B-K5, etc.
If (5) . . . K-R2; (4) P x Kt(R!), etc. [(4) P x Kt (Q?), Q-B1 ch! etc]
C: (1) P-R8(B!) ch, K-Kt8; (2) B x R, P-R7; (3) B-KR3!, P—Q5; (4) K-R6, Q x B, mate.

Many bouquets for Blandford and Lommer (even though most competitors were stumped by the help-mate). In spite of certain local pre-occupations, I. Avinery's entry from Israel reached me in time. He shares the prizes with E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, F. Jaeck, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 225

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 225, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 27.



ACROSS

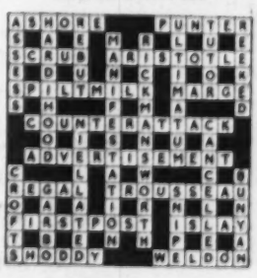
1. A party in the street or the fields (7).
5. Plant which looks like something bright in the wet soil (7).
9. As up-to-date as the northern coterie can possibly be (8).
10. The problem contains a universal for one who takes up an attitude (6).
11. Drains work for a soft fellow (7).
12. Letter repeated backwards for a sculptor (7).
13. Food to celebrate the match (11).
15. Deciding to put a stop to an underground practice (11)
20. "The ———, the lover, and the poet" (*M.N.D.*) (7).
21. Portrait of one in the ranks of the professionals? (7).
22. Shelter for an insect among the stars (6).
23. Book of wisdom for a boy among insects (8).
24. An actor and his musical ensemble (7).
25. God for whom praises are broadcast (7).

DOWN

1. Junior starts with a note and finishes with a little music (7).
2. Pacific islands which have a tax in Roman coin (6).
3. Superintended or cut too much? (7).
4. Athlete's complaint which may precede the breaking of a record? (7, 4).
6. Bad habit which has affinity in a bad atmosphere (7).
7. He is an adult on the outside, but a schoolboy hero at heart (8).
8. Constraint in which a man endures separation from his family (7).
12. A Spanish ruler longs for former Spanish possessions (11).
14. Public schoolboys who keep the English superior to a whole conglomeration of nations (8).
15. Hairdresser who makes one curiously ill in the head perhaps (7).
16. Completer of revolutions which may start either from the right or from the left (7).
17. Transport for the grumbler (7).
18. Tries to persuade the publishers (7).
19. Hiding place for cupids (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 223



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 223

D. G. M. Lovell (Lyme Regis), Mrs. N. Holdsworth (Halifax), W. B. Cossons (Birmingham, 29).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Psychiatry. The appointee will participate in undergraduate and postgraduate teaching at the University and teaching hospitals, but will be based primarily in the Professorial Teaching Unit at Broughton Hall Psychiatric Clinic which is maintained by the New South Wales Department of Public Health. The salary for the Senior Lecturer will be within the range £2,300—£70—£2,650 (Australian) per annum. Cost of living adjustment will be allowed (£52 men, £39 women). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male members of staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Australia and London, is December 18, 1956.

COUNTY Borough of Bolton—Education Department. School Dental Service. Applications are invited for posts as full or part time School Dental Surgeons. The full time appointments are at salaries in accordance with the Dental Whitley Council Scale, £1,000 to £1,575 per annum, are pensionable and subject to satisfactory medical examination. Private practice is allowed. The part time appointments are on a sessional basis. Application forms, together with further particulars, obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, Bolton, to whom completed forms should be returned as soon as possible. Philip S. Rennison, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Bolton.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Educational Psychologist, full-time, reqd. in Child Guidance Centre at Ealing, 42 Madeley Road, Ealing, W.5. Hons. Degree in Psychology or equiv. Recognised clinical training, teaching experce. & prev. experce. as an Educational Psychologist desirable. Salary, Soulbury II, £1,150—£1,400 (male); £1,020—£1,212 (female), plus "equal pay" adjustment. Appointment may be made at intermediate point on scale having regard to prev. experce. in similarly graded posts with other Local Education Authorities. Permanent. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. f'cap env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by December 7. (Quote T.977 NS.) Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Welfare of Handicapped Persons other than Blind. Vacancies exist in Welfare of Handicapped Persons other than Blind for:—(a) Home Work Organiser—to work in particular areas of County (at present Central Area). Experce. in dealing with the handicapped and admin. ability essential. Will have to seek work from commercial concerns which can be performed by handicapped persons at home or at a centre and later to teach handicrafts to such persons. Salary APT. I (£573 5s.—£655 5s. p.a. if 26 yrs. or over). Car allowance payable. (b) Welfare Visitor for visiting & services to substantially & permanently handicapped persons in Enfield & Edmonton. Duties under Area Welfare Officer, Enfield. Should be thoroughly conversant with social services available from statutory & voluntary sources & capable of suggesting & obtaining services suited to individual needs. Pref. given if Social Science Dip. or similar qual. or wide practical experce. Salary APT. I as above or Misc. III (£456 2s. 6d.—£552 15s. if 26 yrs. or over, accg. to age and quals.) Salary rates subject to confirmation. Pensionable, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Write giving full partics. of age, experce., education & present post stating (a) or (b) to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Bldgs., Dartmouth St., S.W.1, by Nov. 26. Quote T.978-NS. Canvassing disqualifies.

APPLICATIONS for the post of Social Welfare and Case Officer to the Birmingham and West Midland Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society will be considered from male candidates who have had training and experience in interviewing and visiting. Salary £500 per annum. Apply giving age, training and experience, including three testimonials, to Organising Secretary, 3 Gothic Arcade, Birmingham 4.

SOCIAL Worker, qualified and experienced, required to investigate applications for admission of children into care. Headquarters in London but required to travel over wide area; current driving licence essential; travelling expenses and subsistence. Salary A.P.T. II/III according to experience, plus London Weighting; superannuation. Apply in writing by December 1, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copy testimonials and names of referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

NATIONAL Union of Townswomen's Guilds. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary in charge of office administration. Must have experience in handling Conferences. Commencing salary £600 p.a. To start January 1, 1957. Application forms are obtainable from National General Secretary, 2 Cromwell Place, S.W.7, and should be returned with copies of three testimonials eight days after the date of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Part-time Educational Psychologist required for six sessions a week at Anerley School, Versailles Road, S.E.20; a short-term school for purposes of classification of maladjusted children for long-term placing in Council's Boarding schools and other establishments. Psychologist will form part of team including a psychiatrist and psychiatric social worker and duties will include diagnosis, liaison with clinics and schools, and may include remedial teaching. Qualifications required: Degree in Psychology, clinical training and teaching experience. Fee £2 4s. 5d. a session. Applications by letter, stating age, qualifications, and experience, to the Education Officer (EO/Estab.2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, by November 30. (2114)

ESSEX. Child Psychotherapists required at Mid-Essex (Chelmsford) and North East Essex (Colchester) Child Guidance Clinics: 8 and 5 sessions a week respectively. £2 2s. a session of 3 hours and travelling expenses for up to 5 sessions a week. For 6 sessions or more, appropriate proportion of Grade II of Soulbury Scale for Educational Psychologists. Applications for whole-time (38 hours a week) appointment also considered. Honours degree in psychology (or equivalent) and appropriate training or experience required. Application forms from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

RE Box No. 234 LPE. The Advertiser wishes to thank all applicants. The response to the advertisement was so overwhelming that it is only possible to reply to those selected for interview.

BIOCHEMIST, graduate, basis grade, required urgently for research work in problems of metabolism in mental deficiency. Experience in and knowledge of chromatographic methods would be an advantage. Temporary appointment for a year in the first instance. Salary according to qualifications and experience (minimum £475) and conditions as laid down by Whitley Council for Health Services. A qualified technician with suitable experience would be considered; salary in accordance with Whitley Council technicians' scales. Apply, giving names of two referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Lawrence's Hospital, Caterham, Surrey.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority Research Laboratories, Leatherhead, Surrey, require a Junior Library Assistant (female) in the Technical Library which is responsible for obtaining publications and information for laboratory staff. Duties include keeping of records, helping with the internal circulation of journals and general routine work. Facilities would be given to enable the successful applicant to study for Library Association examinations. Salary within scale £188—£475 p.a. or £165—£396 p.a. according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications in writing to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, London, W.1, by November 24, 1956. Quote ref: AE 922.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Supervisor required at Girls' Remand Home, Great Baddow, near Chelmsford. Must be good cook and able to instruct and supervise girls in such work. Must also assist in organisation and supervision of girls' leisure activities and general running of the Home. Salary £450-£510, according to experience, less £113, board and lodging. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

MAN or woman with concern for and experience of social work required as warden to develop work of Quaker Neighbourhood Centre in Bethnal Green. Reasonable salary offered; pensions scheme optional. Details from: Secretary, Bedford Institute Association, 128a Hoxton Street, London, N.1.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Research Assistant (man) for sociological study in south-east London. Must have degree or social science certificate. Applications, in candidate's own handwriting, and full particulars to "Home and Work," Skepper House, 13 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

MARKET Research. Leading food manufacturer requires experienced lady interviewers, aged 27-35, able to conduct interviews with housewives of all classes. Applicants must be of good personality and education and be willing to travel throughout the country. Apply in writing, giving full details of age, education and previous employment to Box 8298.

VACANCY for enterprising young woman interested in international relations, prepared for really hard work and responsibility in expanding concern dealing with international hospitality. Excellent memory, a sense of humour and some knowledge of typing essential. Languages useful. Previous experience not essential. Write E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

MID Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Interesting work for enterprising Nursery School Teachers and others available as House Mothers in an experimental home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10. Applications to Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BOOK Publishing: London publishers have vacancy for educated young lady to train in sales promotion. Should have wide interests, ability to write and must be able to type. Box 8494.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HEADMASTER—British Guiana. Headmaster required for school of 160 Guianese pupils between 10 and 17 years of age. At present preparation of Cambridge G.C.E. ordinary level, intend prepare to advanced level. Commencing salary in region of £1,700 per year. Applicants must have university degree. Housing provided, periodic home leave, pension plan and other benefits. Box X.122, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad St., E.C.2.

HORNSEY C.L.P. This Middlesex Borough has 25,000 Labour, 35,000 Tory voters; with a Labour Group of 18, one Ward could win Borough Council. Applications are invited for post of Secretary/Agent. Salary min. National Scale or according to exp. Applic. forms from Hon. Sec., Hornsey Labour Party, 28 Middle Lane, N.8.

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COLLET'S Head Office have two vacancies in their Foreign Department. Knowledge Russian essential. Typing, office and/or bookshop experience desirable. Salary & conditions acc. T.U. Agreement. Write to 44 Museum Street, W.C.1, or 'phone CHA. 4756, ext. 31 only.

BRITISH Film Institute requires Film Appreciation Officer. Knowledge of film, teaching experience and ability to lecture essential. Details from The Secretary, B.F.I., 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

TRAINEE or nursery assistant for Jewish progressive nursery. Apply British O.S.E. Society, 109/111 Stamford Hill, N.16.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist wanted by Registrar to small voluntary organisation engaged in interesting social-medico work. Write B.C.R., Tavistock House (South), W.C.1 EUSton 4037.

SHORTHAND typist for National Marriage Guidance Council. Hours 9-5, no Sats. Apply stating salary required to Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, W.1.

PART-time shorthand-typist wanted three hours daily. Permanent. Non-commercial. Pleasant working conditions. KNI. 2566.

TRAVEL organisation near Baker Street rapidly expanding, will need more staff soon. Qualifications: good office background, flair for detail, capacity to work intensively when necessary, languages if possible. Compensations: interesting work, progressive salaries, three weeks' leave, free holidays abroad, pension scheme, etc. Opportunities will arise for persons of both sexes between 18 and 30. Shorthand-typist with high speeds also needed. Applications should tabulate experience, etc., with salaries earned and be sent to Box 26, c/o Darbys, 24 Black Friars Lane, E.C.4.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2., 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM 6644.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M./f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. BUS. 2579/2719.

EDUCATED women (not over 40) wanted for a variety of interesting non-commercial posts at around £10 per week. Shorthand and typing necessary. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2, Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. LONdon Wall 4609.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

CANADA! Domestics and Mothers Helps reqd. for attractive posts, Vancouver area. Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911 (10 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY, 35, domestic science trained, seeks interesting post, London. Hotel or residential club. Box 8356.

OXFORD M.A. (29) with outstanding Academic, Sales and Administrative record seeks managerial post with firm or organisation doing work of value and importance. Write "A.S.A." c/o Dixons, 1/9, Hills Place, London, W.1.

GRADUATE, travelled girl of 24, English & American publicity exp., seeks lively job London. French speaking, writes anything short of Shakespeare's plays. Box 8478.

YOUNG Swiss married man in London seeks full-time employment with export firm. Has commercial training with practical experience. Fluent French, German, Italian, plus good knowledge English. Box 8422.

MAN 25, 6 lang., B.A. (Oxon.) sks. post c. £10 wk. Imp.-export pref. Box 8506.

AMERICAN, 35, writing exp., agricultural, sales, management, fluent German, seeks post. Salary £1,000 up. Box 8251.

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ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. Fr. 7½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

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SPEND Xmas in South Devon. Booking now: 25s. per day. Children welc., special prices. Write/tel. Tower Guest House, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbot 441.

BEGONE dull care—have a late autumn holiday at the Anchor Head Hotel, Weston super Mare. T.V. & sun lounges, recreation room and club bar. Special tariff from 7gns. Illustrated brochure free from Manageress, Anchor Head Hotel, Claremont Crescent. Tel. W.S. Mare 280.

ALL young people taking Nov./Dec. holidays shld. consider our "Under 40" (top) flr. cen. htd. bedrms. Friends together can benefit with twin-bedded rm. only 4½/5½ gns. wkly. ea., inc. full brd., early tea, fresh fruit, etc. Other flrs. 6/7 gns. Some convalescents welcome; bkfst. in bed (nominal chge.). Rec. by rdrs. Vegtn. if desired. Opp. covrd. walk; nr. warm Sun-Lnge. with orchestra. Illus. brochures. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. Hastings 4784.

DAVOS, centre of winter sports, offers most lovely holidays. Privat-Hotel Meisser, in very centre of the sport places, offers comf. accom., delicious food. Special reduced terms from Jan. 6 to Feb. 9. Write: Privat-Hotel Meisser, Davos-Dorf, Switzerland.

WINTER in Palma de Mallorca at Pension "Cuatro Manzanos," San Agustin, cuisine internationale, demi-pension one pound per day; for information write Jane Grey.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUSeum 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

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PINEWOOD, The Manor, Bradninch, Exeter. Nursery & Kindergarten groups—home for entire charge or short stay. Elizabeth Strachan. Hele 390.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

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CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Booklet sent.

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PAINTER wants 3-rmd. flat, furn. or part-furn., with good North light. Low rent essential. Central London. Box 8553.

BOURGEOIS prof. couple with retd. taxi seek min. 2 rms. & kit. in N./N.W. 30 mins. Eros. Max. £240 p.a. Box 8567.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

EDEN'S critics should now read Rees-Mogg's perceptive "Sir Anthony Eden" (Rockliff, 15s.) from booksellers and libraries.

LEARNING English? "Conversations in English for Foreign Students," by L. A. Morrison, gives practice in modern colloquial and idiomatic English. From all Booksellers, 7s. 6d.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"THE Reporter," America's famous fortnightly, is now on sale in Britain. This week's issue contains reports on the swift moving pattern of events in the Middle East and Europe; a considered commentary on the American elections; and many other lively reviews and articles. Supplies are limited so order your subscription now from your newsagent or from Transworld Circulation Company, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10, 2s. each fortnight.

NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year. "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year. Collet's Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

LABOUR Discussion Forum: First contributions in November Labour Monthly. Also: Blackpool Balance-sheet (R.P.D.); Nationalise Now! (Joan Maynard, J.P., C.C.); Eye-Witness at Peking (R. Page Arnot); A New Trend in Films (John Alexander); Unpublished Letters from Jenny Marx. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

EXHIBITIONS you missed are reported & assessed in "The Studio," which keeps you constantly in touch with significant art of the world. Annual sub. 36s. post free.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"THE Linguist," the language monthly for experts and beginners, has now added Russian to its "Typical Conversations" in English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. 17s. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. 3d., Dept. NS., The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

GOMULKA'S speech in full, pictures, news & comments on Polish political scene in Dec. issue "New Poland" out now, 6d. all bookshops or from 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

BEVAN in French—in articles "Tribune" doesn't get. "France Observateur," provocative progressive weekly. £2 12s. a yr., £1 8s. 6 months, 15s. 3 months, from Andrew Roth, 34 Somali Rd., London, N.W.2.

WORLD Socialism Not War! Send for free copy of this week's "Socialist Leader," organ of the I.L.P., from I.L.P. Bookshop, 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

SOCIALIST Labour Party free Correspondence Course. 116 Cox Street, Coventry.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank Street, Glasgow.

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ALL good books bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps./journals. Van calls. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

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PERSONAL

CHINESE Market: Sale of Chinese Handicrafts, linens, prints, books, greeting cards, etc., Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq., W.1, Friday, Nov. 16, 3 p.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., Nov. 17, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Arranged by the Britain China Friendship Association.

SIAMESE student seeks accom. within easy reach Oxford Circus, meals. Preferably sole guest. Dick Richards. HYDe Park 9670.

WOMAN artist, widow, early middle age, desires suitable furn. b/s., gd. ckg. facs. or kit'ette. Chelsea/Hampstead preferred. Rent free exch. 2 hours competent housework mornings. Bankers & other refs. Box 8373.

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VICKY Xmas Cards, 8d. each, 12 @ 5s. 9d., 50 @ 20s. All post free. Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

PLEASANTLY furn. room offered each. 2½ hours morning help small mod. hse. SPE. 7785, 64 North End Rd., N.W.11.

"THE Psychology of Christianity," December 7-10, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.; also "Dickens Weekend."

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CHRISTMAS/New Year Holidays. Are you planning to go winter-sporting or would you prefer to spend Christmas in Paris, in the South of France or with a cheerful house party in England? You are sure to find something that will appeal to you amongst our arrangements! Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

SKI with the Club Méditerranée of Paris. Combine the joys of ski-ing with the informality and gaiety of a French club. Travel Counsellors Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8. WES. 1517.

XMAS holiday in Nice. Priv. party 15 days £46 10s. incl. Early reservations. Imperial Agency, 36 High St., Chelmsford.

CHRISTMAS and New Year in Spain. Short sea route via Paris. 8 days house party, Costa Brava, 4 days Barcelona, £40 inclusive. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol. Winter sports. Party now being formed for February visit, 8 days 30gns. Absolutely inclusive—Air Travel, full board, skis, tuition. Hards, 28 Martineau St., Birmingham, 2. ('Phone Midland 7312.)

CHRISTMAS cards by Trier, André François, Themerson, and many new designers, Christmas mobiles, unorthodox gifts for above-average tastes. Hampstead Gallery, 12 Perrins Court, N.W.3. (2 mins. from Tube.)

COSTA Brava. Nice flat on front. Free Nov. to March. Sleeps 5. Rent £15 per month. Details: Bedos, Blanes, Spain.

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CONTINENTAL girls sk. domes. posts "au pair"/full-time. Angio-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

THE Children's Market, 29 Holland St., Kensington Church St., W.8. Good clothes for children are out-grown long before they are out-worn. Come to our gay little shop where you can buy and sell children's clothes of every description for boys & girls up to 14 yrs. old. WES. 2676. We collect within 5-mile radius.

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FOREST School Camps. Introductory New Year course for those wishing to join the staff of these co-ed. summer camps for children of all ages. Dets: Mrs. S. Powlesland, 26 Chicago Ave., Gillingham, Kent.

PERSONAL—continued

THIS I Believe. World Government and the present crisis. Radio Luxembourg, Sunday, November 18 at 9.30 p.m. on the 208-metre band, with Sir Basil Bartlett, Joyce Heron, James McKechnie and Gilbert McAllister, Secretary General of the World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government. If you believe in world law help us to transform the United Nations into a world parliament to make the laws and a world executive to carry them out. Full information from: Parliamentary Association for World Government, 2 Manchester Square, W.1.

OVERSEAS students welcomed as paying guests to comfortable country house during Christmas vacation. Friendly atmosphere, excellent food, books, music, television. Mrs. B. Moss and Miss D. Rose, Strettitt Place, East Peckham, Tonbridge, Kent.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Better selection than ever awaits you at The Caravel Press, Moxon St. (off Marylebone High St.), W.1.

"WENT to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsichon; but Lord! it was enough to make any man sick to hear her; yet was I forced to commend her highly." (Pepys 1663.) You, on the other hand, can delight your friends by playing the new "Flauto Dolce" Recorder Series edited by Carl Dolmetsch, Universal Edition, 24 Great Pulteney Street, London, W.1. GER. 5203.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

ARGO L.P. records for Christmas—"A Festival of Lessons & Carols" (RG 39), "Under Milk Wood" (RG 21, 22). Price 39s. 7½d. each from your dealer or direct from Argo Record Co., 29, George St., W.1.

ABBATT Toyshop sells the right toys for the right age. Post orders also welcome; write for Xmas List. Dept. N. Paul & Marjorie Abbatt, 94 Wimpole St., W.1.

THE New Vince Man's Shop specialising in Italian-styled Leisure Wear is Now Open at 15 Newburgh St., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. London's finest show of Exclusive Sweaters, Shirts, Slim-line Slacks, etc. Call or send for illus. catalogue.

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GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a, Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

ENTERTAINMENTS

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Pl., N.1. Tavistock Rep. "Ring Round the Moon," by Anouilh/Fry. 7.30, Fri., Nov. 16, Sat. 17 (Sun. 18, mems. only). Th. 22, Fri. 23, Sat. 24. 9-6 p.m. CAN. 3475; 6-9 p.m. CAN. 5111.

ARTS. THM. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Bald Prima Donna" & "The New Tenant." Mems. only.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Brecht's "Exception & Rule." Lorca's "Shoemaker's Wife." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems. Last weekend!

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Indefinitely: Premiere of Sergei Samsonov's film of Chekhov's "The Grasshopper" (La Cigale) (A). In Agfacolour. "Time Out of War." (U)

ROXY Cin. BAY. 2345. Nov. 18, 7 dys. Shirley Booth "About Mrs. Leslie." U.

NATIONAL Film Th., South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 17. Members & Associates only. New Ital. Season: Franco Rossi's Amici Per La Pelle. 3, 6, 8.30.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat. Dec. 1, 3 p.m. "Wild America" color film of Amer. wild life with James Fisher. 7s. 6d. & 10s.

ASIAN Film Society presents Sohrab Modi's screen classic "Queen of Jhansi," Indian historical film in technicolour, English sub-titles, on Sun., Nov. 18, Scala Theatre, 6 p.m. Director Sohrab Modi and heroine Mehtab will introduce their film. For partics. & membership apply A.F.S., 11 Greek St., W.1. GER. 0287.

CHINESE Handicrafts Exhibition Goods for sale. Your Christmas gift problem solved. See Chinese Market—Personal column.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs., every Tuesday and Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance. Sat. Nov. 17, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tkts. 4s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Nov. 17, 8-11 At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson & His Noveltones. Mems. 3s. Guests 5s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed., Nov. 21, at 5.45. Susi Jeans—Organ Recital. Works by Bach, Reger & Franz Schmidt. Tickets 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agts.

BLOCH Concerto Symphonique at Royal Festival Hall (1st performance there and first in London since 1949) on Nov. 26 at 8. Edna Iles with Bournemouth Symphony Orch. & Charles Groves. Prog. includes Beethoven Sym. 7. 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. Hall (WAT. 3191). Mgt. N. Choveaux.

18TH-Century Music played by the London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Nov. 24, at 8.15. Telemann, Arne, Vivaldi, Pergolesi, C. P. E. Bach and Bach. (WAT. 3191.)

ENGLISH Chamber Music of the 17th century played by The English Consort of Viols, also Violins and Harpsichord. Wigmore Hall, Mon., Nov. 26, at 7.30. Tkts. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) & Agents. Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1.

NEW Music. Monday, November 19 at 7.30 p.m. in Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James Sq., S.W.1. The Purcell Singers (Cond.—Imogen Holst) Works by Holst, Rawsthorne, Stravinsky, Britten, etc.

85TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Thurs. November 22 at 7.30. French Radio Children's Choir in Choral Music. Adam de la Halle to Poulenc. Fauré & Debussy Piano Duets. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall, WEL. 2141.

FREE Concert at the Horniman Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday evening at 7.45 p.m. November 21: Folk Music of Ireland, a recital by Seamus Ennis, Irish piper and singer. Seats may be reserved for this concert on application to the Curator. (1592.)

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Wigmore Hall, Tuesday, November 20, at 7.30 p.m. Lasalle Quartet. Quartets by Kirchner (No. 1), Webern (Op. 28), Bartok (No. 3). Tickets 9s., 6s. reserved, 3s. unreserved, from the Box Office.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs., Nov. 22. 8.15 p.m. Bertolt Brecht "In Memoriam." Ernestine Costa. Accompanied by Donald Swann. Members 3s. Guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal People. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters, 19th & 20th Centuries. Important works for sale—Boudin, Cézanne, Corot, Courbet, Fantin, Monet, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Picasso Himself, original paintings, photographs, documents and souvenirs. Monday to Friday 10-6, Wednesday 10-8, Saturday 10-4. Closed Sundays. Adm. 2s. Members free.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council Exhibn. Paintings, Burgh House, Well Walk. 3-7 p.m. ex. Suns. Nov. 21-Dec. 1. Opening with inf. crit. 8 p.m. Nov. 19. All welc. Refrs.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Bryan Kneale; Frederick Gore; & Henry Cliffe. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Nov. 24.

THE New Manessier Lithograph: "Février en Hollande," six colours, large, mauves, greens, and black: 8gns. unframed: from St. George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St., W.1. REG. 3660.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions XI: Paintings by Hogarth, Stubbs, Degas, Pissarro, Modigliani, Braque, Picasso, etc. Daily 9.30-6. Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by Max Ernst. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until December 15. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

ORIGINAL Coloured Prints by Contemporary Artists make ideal Xmas presents, from Walker's Gall., 118 New Bond St.

16th and 17th Century Theatre Design in Paris. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open 'till Nov. 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Paintings by Brian Robb. Oct. 31 until Nov. 24.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jewish Artists in England, 1656-1956. A Tercentenary Exhibition. Week-days 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou; Paul Millichip. 11-6.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl. W.1. Sculptures & Drawings, Raymond Mason. Pntgs., Michael Fussell. 10-5.30. St. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Giacomo Manzù—Sculpture & Drawings. Until Dec. 7. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Ceramic Figures by Audrey Blackman. Pottery by John Eaves. Dly. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Paintings by Pierre Lesieur (1st Exhibition in England) and W. Pilawski. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until Nov. 22.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Jean Commere. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Hans. Erni. Paintings, Drawings & Lithographs. Until Nov. 24, 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The American Judiciary and Racial Desegregation" will be given by Professor A. E. Sutherland (Harvard) at 5 p.m. on November 27 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

"WHICH Party for Socialism?" Debate between Independent Labour Party and Socialist Party of Great Britain at Fulham Town Hall on Mon., Nov. 19. 7.45 p.m.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Nov. 18. H. J. Blackham, B.A., "Can We Afford Equality?" Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

PREVENTIVE medicine, Dr. Horace Joules at Hampstead Ethical Society, Barclay House, 783 Finchley Rd. (near Regal, Golders Green), Nov. 18, at 7.15.

"BULGARIA Now?" H. Frankel (Sec., S.F.B.) and Mrs. N. Nikoloff, recently returned. Friends' House, Euston Rd., Monday, Nov. 19, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s.

"MODERN Menaces to Your Health," James C. Thomson (Edin.), Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Mon., Nov. 19, 7.30. Adm. 2s. (Mems. 1s.) London Natural Health Society.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"EDUCATION for Economic Progress." Public Conference, Speaker: Professor J. A. Lauwerys, D.Sc., F.R.I.C., Professor of Comparative Education, University of London. Saturday, November 24, 3-5 p.m. Co-operative House, 251-267 Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.15. Admission free. No tickets required. Details from the Education Department, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, S.E.10.

JAMES Cameron on "Suez." United Nations Assn., High School for Girls, Cheam Rd. Sutton. Thurs. Nov. 22, 8 p.m.

CENT. London Fabian Soc. Wed. Nov. 21, 7.30. "Recent Visits to Russia": Tom Driberg. 57 Dean St. W.1. Vis. 2s.

PUBLIC meeting. "War and Revolt in Suez and Hungary," Sunday, Nov. 18, 7.30 p.m. Denison Hse., 296 Vauxhall Bdge. Rd. (nr. Victoria). Socialist Party of Great Britain. Adm. free, questions & discussion.

"AHAD Ha-Am: An Evaluation of his Significance." Lect. by Rabbi Dr. A. Altmann, M.A. Chair: Sir Leon Simon, C.B. Woburn Hse., Upp. Woburn Pl., W.C.1. Mon., Nov. 19, 8 p.m. Arr.: Jewish Agency & Zionist Federation

FENNER Brockway, M.P. & Eileen Fletcher speak at Small Porchester Hall, Paddington. Tues., Nov. 20, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

FRI., Nov. 16, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, John Williamson on "American Scene After Elections." Chairman: Ted Bedford. Org. U.S. Report.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "The Role of the Father in Our Changing Family Life," Mrs. E. de Buda, 7.30 punctually, Thurs., Nov. 22, Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30, Sunday, Nov. 18. King's Weigh House Ch., Binney St. W.1, Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discrse. Gene Sharp: The Religion of Gandhi.

I.S.S.S. Members' discussion on the Middle East Crisis led by S. Hyman. 7 p.m. November 22 at Caxton Hall.

NATIONAL Paul Robeson Conference. Sunday, Dec. 2, Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Chairman: W. Griffiths, M.P. Delegates & visitors welc. Apply F. Loesser, Gen. Sec., N.P.R.C., 8 Cliff Cres., Salford 7.

PUSHKIN Club, 24, Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. (PARk 7696.) Fri., Nov. 16, 8 p.m. David Tutaev, "Dostoievsky and Interpretation." Tues., Nov. 20, 8 p.m. L. A. Fenn, M.Sc., "Science in Soviet Union"

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, November 18, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., Nina Spiller, "A Visit to Moscow."

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thursday, Nov. 22, 6.30. "This Universe—What is it?" Sun. at 5 at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri. Nov. 23, 8.30. Mr. Robert E. Steele will speak and show a film on Vinoba Bhave and his Campaign in India. 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Off Leinster Tce.

BUDDHA Study Association. Public Lecture. "Women in Early Buddhism," by Miss I. B. Horner, M.A., Secretary, the Pali Text Society. 4.30 p.m., Nov. 18. Stanton Coit House, Prince of Wales Terr., W.8.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, S.W.1., Wed., Nov. 21, 6.30: "Walk On." Dr. Edward Conze. Read "The Middle Way," quarterly 2s. 9d. post free. Inf. 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. TAT. 1313.

"CONWAY Discussions," Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7.15 p.m. Margaret Langton, "The North American Indian—Past and Present." Adm. free. Collection.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., on November 24. Herr H. J. Glaserfeld: "Sommer-oder Winterferien?"

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thurs., Nov. 22. "The Nature of Knowledge." Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MARRIAGE & Divorce Law Reform: Lord Meston, Jos. Reeves, M.P., Peter Benenson, Robert S. W. Pollard. Nov. 23, 8 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Marriage Law Reform Soc. & Divorce Law Reform Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8.

RACIAL Discrimination Conference. Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, E.C.4. Nov. 24, 2 p.m. to 8 p.m. Fenner Brockway, M.P., Maurice Orbach, M.P., Charles Ward, Julius Silverman, M.P., Harry Knight (A.S.S.E.T.). Delegates 2s. 6d., Visitors 2s. Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1.

BEN Uri Lit. Circle. Anthony Jacobs leads an Evening of Readings of Twentieth Century Verse. You are invited to join in. Thurs. Nov. 22, 8 p.m. 14 Portman St., W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "Nature Poetry and Criticism in the Early 18th Century," will be given by Professor Bonamy Dobrée at 5.30 p.m. on November 27 and December 4 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

THE New Testament & Rabbinic Judaism —2 lectures by Prof. David Daube, D.C.L., Ph.D., Sundays, Nov. 18 & Dec. 9 at 3.30 p.m., in the Hall of the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

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